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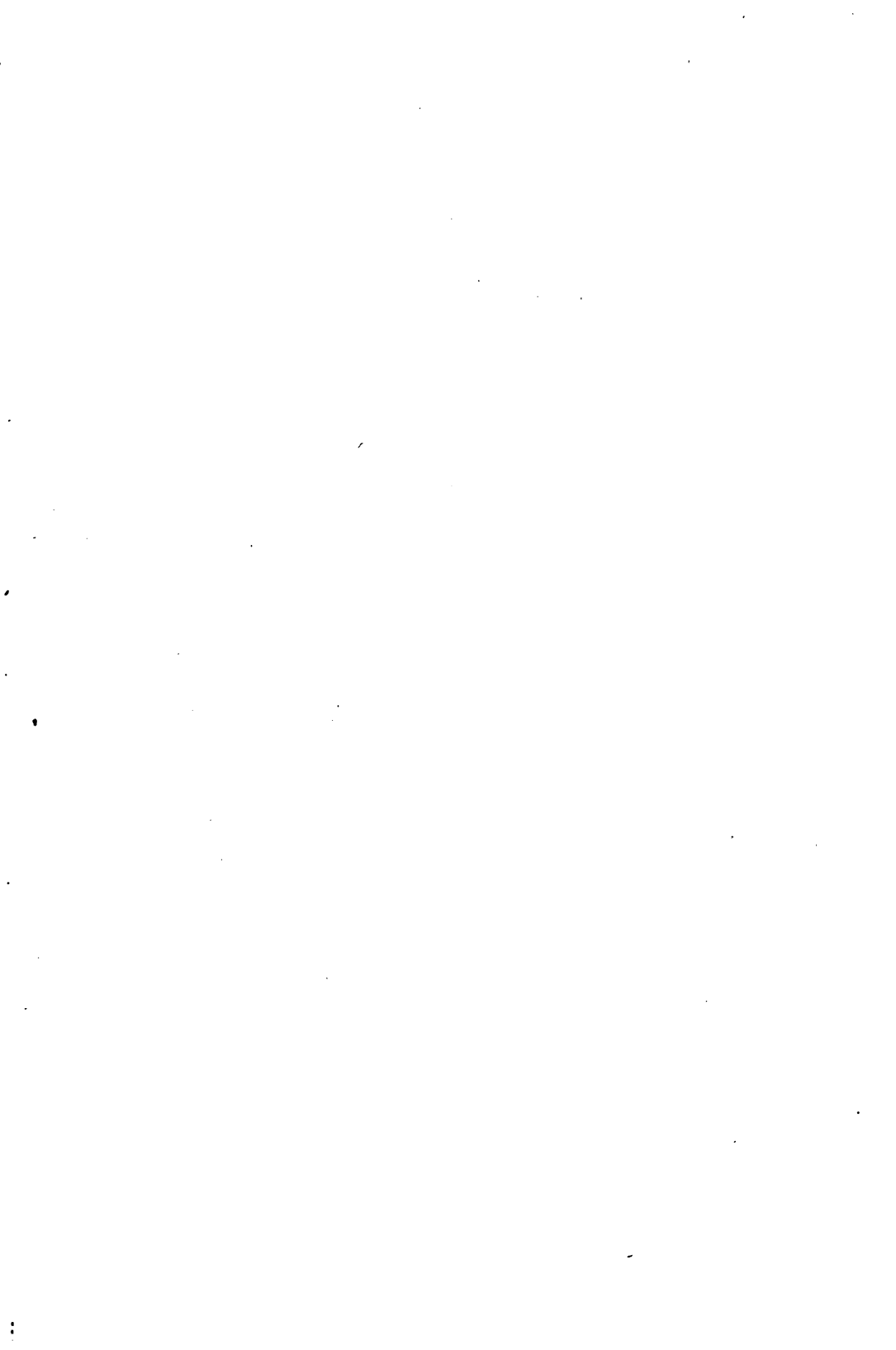
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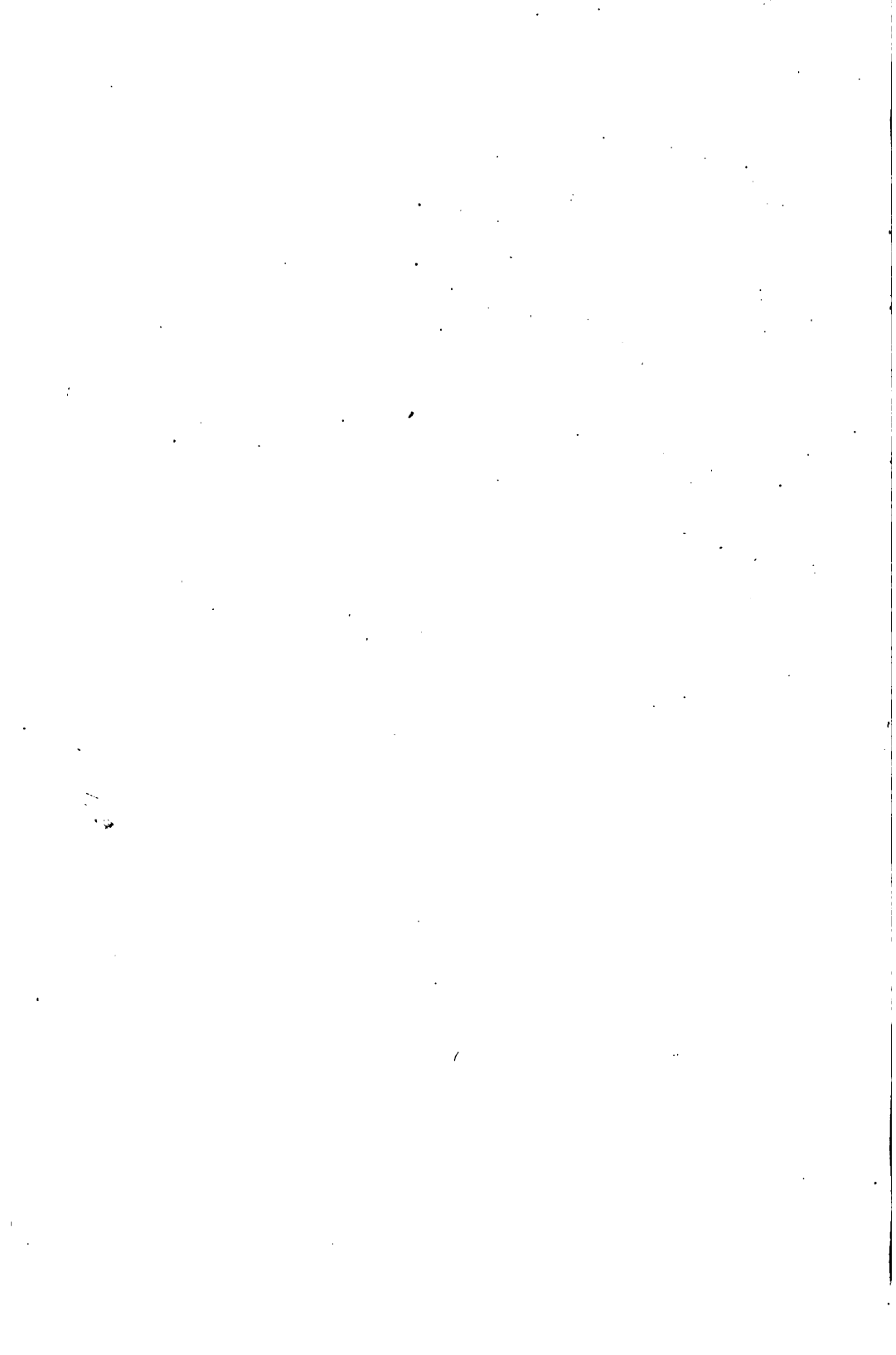


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# Western Reserve University

## BULLETIN

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# The Western Reserve UNIVERSITY BULLETIN.

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THE BULLETIN is designed to serve as a medium of communication between the University and its alumni, friends, and the general body of scholars engaged in teaching or research. It contains a report of the most important acts of the Board of Trustees and of the Faculty, a record of the publications and public lectures of the Faculty and of the most important accessions to the library; accounts of special research in prosecution; original contributions from the Faculty or advanced students dealing with subjects of scientific or educational interest; brief notes, relating to the Faculty and alumni, and such other matter as is deemed suitable for diffusing information in regard to the work of the University, and preserving a permanent record of its activities.

With the present issue of the *Bulletin* a series of studies is begun which will in the future, it is hoped,

include in easily accessible form some of the valuable results of the researches undertaken by members of the various faculties, as well as, by alumni of Western Reserve University. All serious students connected with any department of the University are therefore cordially invited to submit to the Editor pieces of original work which they desire to have published. If the piece of work represents a genuine contribution to the particular field in which it lies, it will be printed in the *Bulletin*. But only such contributions will be accepted for publication. Unfortunately, for some years to come it is feared, the annual issue of these studies will have to be limited to the May number (considerably increased in size, when necessary), unless a special fund can be obtained for this purpose.

In order that the contributions from every department of the University may be sure of 'specialist' and fair editorial treatment, an Editorial Committee will assist the General Editor of the *Bulletin* in passing upon articles, the contents of which may be unfamiliar to him. To this end the following members of the University Faculty have kindly consented to serve on the Committee: Professors Arbuthnot (of the department of Economics), Bourne (of the department of History), Emerson (of the department of English), Herrick (of the department of Biology), and Todd (of the department of Anatomy).

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WESTERN RESERVE STUDIES, VOL. 1, NO. 1.

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THE EARLIEST ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS  
OF  
BÜRGER'S LENORE

A STUDY IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN ROMANTICISM

BY

OLIVER FARRAR EMERSON, PH. D., LITT. D.

*Professor of English.*

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## PREFACE

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The present volume was begun as a study such as might have been printed in one of the scholarly journals devoted to English and the other modern languages. The story grew to be so interesting to the writer, and required so long in the telling, that it seemed best to offer it in another form.

The translations which accompany it, illustrating the unusual activity in this direction of a single year, have most of them been long inaccessible to the general reader. Frequent errors concerning them have also been made, and it therefore seemed desirable to print them with this introductory study. To these have been added for comparison the German *Lenore* from the last edition of the poem published during Bürger's lifetime.

I have to thank in this public way a number of people who have assisted me in various respects. The officials of the Harvard University library have freely and frequently sent me books without which the investigation could not have been made. Messrs. Stevens and Brown, of London, have made me accurate transcripts of Pye's translation of Bürger's poem, and of the text in Scott's first edition of *William and Helen*. The Rev. Alexander Gordon, who wrote the article on Pye in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, has placed at my disposal some facts not given in that article. Mr. J. B. Hamilton of Melrose, at the solicitation of Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. of Edinburgh, has examined for me the copy of Scott's *Apology for Tales of Terror* in the Abbotsford library. Especially, too, has Miss J. H. Adeane, author of *The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*, and *The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley*, allowed me to use the first edition of Mr. J. T. Stanley's translation of *Lenore*, a copy of which is not in the British Museum. This was Mr. Stanley's personal copy from which the second and third editions were made, and contains not only the manuscript changes for the third edition, but some modifications never before printed.



## THE EARLIEST ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF BÜRGER'S LENORE.

### I. INTRODUCTORY

The earliest English translations of Bürger's *Lenore* will always interest a student of the English poetic revival at the end of the eighteenth century. They represent almost the first real touch of the German romantic movement on England. It is true that certain German poems had appeared in English dress before this time. Yet these had but slight relation to the new romantic movement. This applies to Gessner's *Idylls* and *Death of Abel*, both of which had been translated into English in 1762. It was equally true of Goethe's *Iphigenia* and Wieland's *Dialogues of the Gods*, which were made accessible to Englishmen by William Taylor of Norwich in 1793 and 1795. In Edinburgh, according to Scott's *Imitations of the Ancient Ballad*, Henry Mackenzie had lectured on German literature as early as 1788, but even this had produced little immediate effect.

This late influence of Germany on English literature of the eighteenth century is also the more remarkable, because the Germans had long recognized the inspiration of English masters. Shakespeare and Milton for the older periods had already been studied and imitated in Germany, as well as numerous writers of the eighteenth century, notably Thomson, Richardson and Goldsmith. Indeed, the translators of Bürger's most famous poem were merely returning to its native land an originally English ballad, which had inspired the most successful of the German ballad imitators.

Yet the slight acquaintance of Englishmen with Germany fully explains the lack of literary influence from that source. Throughout the eighteenth century the literary relations of England and the personal relations of Englishmen had been with France and Italy. In the early part of the century an Englishman would have been about as likely to visit Russia in travel, as any part of Germany. Even when Englishmen took to themselves the Hanoverian royal house, they still had as little interest in the Hanoverian principality as the first two Georges had in their English possessions. Later, when England gave her support to the great Frederick of Prussia, it was with pecuniary aid merely, unaccompanied in the case of most of the people with any but the barest knowledge of his kingdom, or of the learning and literature of his countrymen.

Take, for example, some significant instances of ignorance about

things German on the part of literary Englishmen. In his essay *On the Present State of Polite Learning* (1759), Goldsmith says that the Germans had, indeed, a "passion for polite learning," that is literature, but "instead of studying the German tongue they continue to write in Latin." Nor does he mention a single German work of which he had any knowledge. A little later when the young Gibbon was meditating an historical subject for his pen, he preferred "one to all others, the history of the liberty of the Swiss." From this, however, he was debarred, as he thought absolutely, by his ignorance of "an old barbarous German dialect," and his unwillingness to learn it even for so important a purpose. Although Gray was one of the first to study Icelandic literature, he knew nothing of German, or of the beginnings there of a romantic movement which would have delighted him. Horace Walpole lived until 1797, but there is no mention of a German work or of German literature in his voluminous correspondence. When Mackenzie, the author of the *Man of Feeling*, lectured in Edinburgh on the German Theatre, and as Scott tells us first interested his countrymen in German literature, he knew no German himself, and had obtained his whole knowledge of German plays from French translations.

Under these conditions the appearance of Bürger's *Lenore* in the England of 1796 is quite extraordinary. Especially is this so when we remember that not one version only, but seven renderings by five different translators were published in that single year. Such an unusual circumstance naturally calls for some special explanation. Unfortunately, hitherto some of the important relations of the several versions appearing within a twelve-month have been missed by those who have dealt with the subject. It is possible, therefore, to shed some light upon the individual Bürger translations, and especially to give a connected history of this remarkable year in the literary influence of eighteenth century Germany upon England. Incidentally, too, it is a question whether the immediate influence of these translations upon English literature has been fully appreciated.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Special treatment of the subject by Brandl in Erik Schmidt's *Characteristiken* I, 244 (1886); H. A. Beers, *English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century*, chap. xi (1899); W. W. Greg, *Modern Quarterly of Language and Literature* II, 13 (1899); W. A. Colwell, *Modern Language Notes* XXIV, 254 (1909), who adds a correction or two to Greg's article, as the latter had corrected Brandl in some particulars.

Incidental treatment of the subject occurs in Theodor Süßle, *Beiträge zur Geschichte der deutschen Litteratur in England im letzten Drittel des 18. Jahrhunderts*, Ztschr. f. vgl. Litgesch. VI, 306; Weddigen, *Die Vermittler des deutschen Geistes in England und Nordamerika*, Archiv f. d. Studien der neueren Sprache LIX, 129; Georg Herzfeld, *William Taylor von Norwich*, Halle, 1897; Ernst Margraf, *Der Einfluss der deutschen Litteratur auf die englische am Ende des achtzehnten und im ersten Drittel des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*, Leipsic, 1901.

## II. THE TRANSLATIONS OF LENORE BY J. T. STANLEY

The earliest translation of Bürger's *Lenore* to be published in England was by one too little known in connection with the subject. Yet he was an interesting man, a member of parliament, a fellow of the Royal Societies of England and Scotland, and long acquainted with German life and German literature. Besides, his translation, while not the first or the best, was the occasion of the appearance of three others in the same year.

The materials for a knowledge of this first translator to publish his work have been accessible for some time. Moreover, they present the key to the conditions which led to much Bürger activity in England during the year 1796. We may begin with a reference in the *Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*,<sup>2</sup> a book printed an even century after the appearance of the first English translation of *Lenore*. In a letter of "Serena to Maria Josepha," which is undated but immediately precedes one of Feb. 22, 1796, Serena, or Sarah Martha Holroyd, sister of Lord Sheffield, asks, "Have you seen a little Thing called 'Lenore'?"<sup>3</sup> To this question Maria Josepha replied on Feb. 22 as follows:

I have seen the little thing called 'Leonora,' and have got it of my own from the Author, alias Translator, Mr. Stanley; for I suppose you mean a Tale in Verse from the German. I cannot say I am delighted with it. The best parts are the Lines at the End, his own addition. Another Translation is coming out soon by Mr. Spencer which is likely to be better, but Mr. Stanley was very ill-used about it. He lent his Translation to Lady D. Beauclerk, who took advantage of it to make beautiful drawings from it, and Mr. Spencer, her nephew I think, undertook to improve the Translation, and meant to publish it with Engravings from Lady Diana's Drawings. Mr. Stanley did not intend to publish, but hearing of this he was affronted, and had his Translation printed in hot haste.<sup>4</sup>

This spicy letter of Maria Holroyd, who soon became the wife of Mr. Stanley, gives us almost at first hand the story of a literary embroilment which precipitated the first appearance of an English Bürger translation. The Mr. Stanley referred to was John Thomas Stanley, son of Sir John Stanley of Cheshire. His interest in Ger-

<sup>2</sup> By J. H. Adeane, London (1896).

<sup>3</sup> The form of the title used by "Serena" is that of Pye's translation, rather than of Stanley's, but it is scarcely possible that Pye had published as early as this. The first review of Pye is of July, 1796, in both *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*. Besides, Serena fully accepts Maria Josepha's answer as a reply to her question.

<sup>4</sup> *The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*, p. 368.

man literature began almost, if not quite, as early as that of William Taylor of Norwich, one of the earliest Englishmen to make his countrymen acquainted with German poetry. As a youth of fifteen, in August, 1781,<sup>5</sup> Stanley set out for the continent, and took up his residence at Brunswick, where he remained a year with most intimate relations to the court and the people of the German principality. In May, 1783, he again returned to the continent, this time residing at Neuchâtel, Lyons, and later at Turin, where he remained until the spring of 1785.<sup>6</sup> Once more, in the spring of 1786, he revisited Neuchâtel, staying there almost a year and then spending some months in Italy.<sup>7</sup>

Perhaps owing to the circumstances narrated at the last of the *Praeterita* (see last footnote), the young Stanley no longer went to the continent for his education. In 1788, however, he proceeded to the University of Edinburgh where, under Playfair, Dugald Stewart and Dr. Joseph Black, he acquired new interests in mathematics, philosophy and natural science.<sup>8</sup> The latter led to an unusual venture for a young man of twenty-three. He fitted out and commanded a scientific expedition to Iceland in the summer of 1789. The journey was made "in princely style," says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "in a private yacht, accompanied by a staff of naturalists, draughtsmen and men of science."<sup>9</sup>

<sup>5</sup>It was in July of the same year that William Taylor, at the age of sixteen, settled at Detmold, Westphalia, for a year's residence, and there became an enthusiastic admirer of German literature. The young Stanley's early residence abroad was due to his mother, Margaret Owen, who thought his youthful days "much more profitably spent than those of most English lads are; he sees good company and hears talk of reason, principle, and morals, which few others do." *Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley*, by J. H. Adeane, p. 44.

<sup>6</sup>The *Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley*, by J. H. Adeane, Ltd., 1899. The first part of this interesting volume gives extracts from Stanley's *Praeterita*, an autobiography so called by him half a century before that name appeared on a title-page of Ruskin. The references to this German residence are on pp. 16-30.

<sup>7</sup>Young Stanley's experience at Neuchâtel was an exact parallel to that of the young Gibbon at Lausanne some years earlier. Stanley fell in love with the beautiful "Adelaide", "the daughter of an old officer", and she "remained through life his ideal of perfect womanhood." (*Early Married Life*, pp. 53-54). "Obstacles to marriage intervened," we are told, and like the young Gibbon "he sighed like a lover", he "obeyed as a son." The beautiful Adelaide, however, was not so fortunate as the charming Susanne Curchod. She died unmarried, sending back to her English lover at her death his letters to her, with a packet of her journals. His comments (*Ibid.* p. 58) prove the depth of his affection. It was too early for the international marriage to be commonly accepted.

This unusual European education gave the young Stanley his knowledge of foreign literatures. In the *Preface to the Early Married Life* (p. viii) the author says: "Before he [Stanley] was twenty he had mixed in the court circles of three European capitals, Brunswick, Turin and Rome. French he spoke fluently, German and Italian with facility, and his love of German literature never left him."

<sup>8</sup>*Annual Register* (1850), p. 273. Curiously enough the paths of Stanley and William Taylor again cross. The latter visited his friend Frank Sayers at Edinburgh university in the same year; see Robberds, *Life of William Taylor of Norwich*, I, 63.

<sup>9</sup>*Gentleman's Magazine*, Dec., 1850. The language is misleading in our time of far more elaborate scientific expeditions. The companions of Mr. Stanley were Mr. Baine, teacher of mathematics at the university, for scientific observations and drawings; Mr. Wright, medical student at Edinburgh, acting surgeon and botanist; Mr. Benner, a Danish student, keeper of accounts; Mr. Taylor, a collector and setter of minerals in the city.—*Early Married Life*, p. 58.

The expedition was fruitful in several ways. The young Stanley wrote *Accounts of the Hot Springs* near Rykum and Haðkadal in *Letters to Dr. Black*.<sup>10</sup> These were printed in *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh* (vol. III), and separately in 1791. By reason of them Stanley became a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.<sup>11</sup> He also presented the seeds and plants he had gathered in Iceland to Sir Joseph Banks, eminent scientist and president of the English Royal Society, who had himself visited the Hot Springs of Iceland in 1772.<sup>12</sup> This led to Stanley's being elected fellow of the Royal Society of London, and to intimate acquaintance with the learned of the capital. In 1790 Mr. Stanley was chosen member of parliament for Wootton Bassett, Wiltshire, and in June of that year became a member of Lord Auckland's embassy at the Hague. Two years later, June, 1792, he was plunged in grief by the death of his betrothed, an Irish heiress, and to gain seclusion from public life for a time he joined the Cheshire militia. In 1794, as major of the Cheshire regiment, he was stationed at Bexhill, Sussex, near Sheffield Place, where he met and wooed the Maria Holroyd of the letters already quoted, a daughter of John Baker Holroyd, Lord Sheffield.<sup>13</sup>

We have less definite information than we might wish as to when Mr. Stanley made his translation of *Lenore*. The account of

<sup>10</sup> R. Watt, in *Bibliotheca Britannica*, says also *Voyage to the Orkneys*, 1789, but of this I find no other mention; it is not in the British Museum catalogue, nor is it mentioned by Miss Adeane in her books.

<sup>11</sup> They were noticed with large extracts and high praise in the *Monthly Review* of April, 1796, N. S. XIX, 422.

<sup>12</sup> A special purpose of Stanley's visit to Iceland was to add to Sir Joseph's observations. The latter had brought back specimens of the incrustations about the Springs. Dr. Black of Edinburgh wished to examine the water itself, "and learn by what means this salacious matter was dissolved in it." Stanley brought back samples of the water, and the analysis of them by Dr. Black appeared with Stanley's papers.—*Early Married Life*, p. 85.

<sup>13</sup> John Baker Holroyd (b. 1735) was a captain of the Royal Foresters from 1760 to 1763, and soon after, in his continental travels, met Gibbon at Lausanne, forming a lasting friendship. In the Lord Gordon riots of 1780 he was conspicuous in quelling the rioters, and early in 1781 was rewarded by being made Baron Sheffield. Gibbon made him his executor and, with the assistance of his daughter Maria, he prepared the original edition of Gibbon's *Memoirs* (1796).

Maria Josepha was a vivacious girl from whom the historian of the Roman empire delighted to receive letters; see *Gibbon's Letters* by Prothero. The first record of Mr. Stanley's being at Sheffield Place, Lord Sheffield's estate, is of Sept. 22, 1795. The marriage was on Oct. 12, 1796. To a girl friend Maria Josepha drew this portrait of her future husband (*Girlhood*, p. 384): "He is the eldest son of Sir John Stanley, Bart., of Cheshire, has been in Iceland, published an account thereof, has translated a Poem from the German called *Leonora*—with considerable additions of his own, is, for anything I know to the contrary, an F. R. S., and what is more, has the most amiable feeling heart I believe a Man can be possessed of, and what is still more, if faith is to be put in Words, Actions and Looks—loves me with the most perfect Love. . . . As to description of the outside of the Man you perhaps would not be enchanted with his first appearance. He is very dark, black eyebrows that meet, and very near-sighted, but he has a sensible and good humoured countenance, at least I think so because I know he is both."

The marriage was a happy one. Maria Josepha was the mother of several children, among them Edward John Stanley, during many years in the second third of the nineteenth century principal whip of the Whig party. Later he was offered a seat in Mr. Gladstone's first cabinet, but declined and soon retired from political life. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the famous Dean of Westminster was a son of J. T. Stanley's brother Edward.

him in the *Early Married Life of Lady Stanley* breaks off in 1792 with the remark: "His letters during the next three years show that he was actively engaged in helping the French refugees, in military duties, and in literary work."<sup>14</sup> What this literary work was we are not told. Nor have we any hint of any external influence leading Mr. Stanley toward German poetry. Possibly the publication of William Taylor's translation of Goethe's *Iphigenia* in 1793 may have turned him again to his earlier studies. The death of Bürger in 1794 may have directed him to this one of the German writers he had known. It certainly seems doubtful whether the publication of Taylor's translation of Wieland's *Dialogues of the Gods* in 1795 could have had any marked effect.

A single sentence of the *Preface* to Stanley's first edition of his *Leonora* may have an interpretation bearing upon the subject. He says: "The success of some late publications has proved that the wild and eccentric writings of the Germans are perused with pleasure by the English reader." If this is a reference to a particular book, and I am inclined to think it may be, it must be to the one which created the greatest sensation of the year 1795. That was the *Ambrosio or the Monk* of M. G. Lewis. This famous example of the terror school of fiction appeared in the summer, and was soon the talk of London. Now *The Monk*, as it came to be more commonly called, contained an unusual number of poems of the ballad sort, some of them of German origin. Besides, Lewis had introduced more than one horror or supernatural element from German legend, as the story of the bleeding nun. We know also from his *Essay on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad*, that Scott was much attracted by these ballads, as well as by the other German tales in Lewis's extravagant fiction. It is not impossible that Mr. Stanley was also turned again to German balladry by this book. If so we may place his translation with even more confidence in the last half of 1795.<sup>15</sup>

Not impossibly, too, Stanley's translation of *Lenore* was associated with the composition of the only original poem known to have been written by him. While commanding the militia he composed a song for the men of his regiment, presumably while in Sussex, since the published edition was illustrated by views of Pevensey Bay and

<sup>14</sup> *Early Married Life*, p. 101.

<sup>15</sup> Mrs. Radcliffe had also drawn upon romantic verse for her novels, as in the *Mysteries of Udolpho* published in 1794. But in Lewis's *Monk* the German element was strong and unmistakable.

Beachy Head on the south coast.<sup>16</sup> This also would lead us to 1794 or 1795 as the year of the composition of his translation.

We are more fortunate in being able to explain the relation of Mr. Stanley to the Spencers, and the probable occasion for his lending his manuscript poem to Lady Diana Beauclerk. Mr. Stanley and Lord Henry Spencer, second son of the fourth duke of Marlborough, entered parliament in the same year (1790), and were associated as members of the diplomatic staff of Lord Auckland at the Hague in 1792. Lord Henry Spencer, like Mr. William R. Spencer, was a nephew of Lady Diana, so that the acquaintance of Lady Diana and Mr. Stanley may be fully accounted for. Besides, Lord Henry Spencer died in July, 1795,<sup>17</sup> and this is doubtless another reason why Mr. Stanley saw more of Lady Diana in that year. In any case parliament was in session from Oct. 29, 1795, to May 19, 1796, and doubtless Mr. Stanley was in attendance.<sup>18</sup> We may reasonably assume, therefore, that Mr. Stanley's loan of his translation to Lady Diana Beauclerk, of which mention is made by Maria Josepha Holroyd, took place in the last part of 1795.

For the publication of Mr. Stanley's translation in February, 1796, we have Maria Josepha's spicy explanation. He did not intend to print but, on finding his poem was to be made the basis of a new edition by Mr. Spencer and Lady Beauclerk, he "printed in hot haste" as Maria Josepha says, though without his name. This first edition has never been described, as it is not in the British Museum, and has not been used by those who have dealt with the *Lenore*

<sup>16</sup> Stanzas I, V, VI of this song are given in the *Early Married Life*, p. 104. It has spirit and good sentiment, as the following (st. v) will show:

If England but breathes the same soul  
Which of old called her sons to the field,  
When they sought haughty France to control,  
Again to our arms she must yield.  
We remember the name that we bear,  
What our fathers have been in that day:  
When they marched against France, what they were  
Let Cressy and Agincourt say.

#### CHORUS

For Cheshire men still are the same  
Their fathers were, loyal and bold;  
Chief of men they were called—and the name  
May we long be deserving to hold.

The views accompanying the song when printed were drawn by Mr. Stanley and engraved by Thos. Bewick, the celebrated wood-engraver.

<sup>17</sup> The *Annual Register* of 1795 (p. 54) says: "July 3, Lord Henry John Spencer, second son of the Duke of Marlborough, and envoy extraordinary at Berlin." I am indebted to a letter from Miss J. H. Adeane for this close connection of Mr. Stanley and Lord Henry.

<sup>18</sup> *Annual Registers* of 1795 and 1796 give the king's speech at the opening and close of parliament in those years.

translations.<sup>19</sup> It is my good fortune to have seen the copy possessed by Miss Adeane, a granddaughter of Maria Holroyd, the copy used by Mr. Stanley himself in preparing both the second and the new editions, and containing emendations in his own hand. Its title-page reads:

Leonora/A Tale/translated freely from the/German/of/Gottfried Augustus Bürger/"Poetry hath Bubbles, as the water hath:/ "And these are of them"—/London/Printed for William Miller/Old Bond Street/1796.

The frontispiece is a plate by D. Chodowiecki (spelled Chodowiecke) and engraved by Harding, one of the eight made by Chodowiecki for the first collected edition of Bürger's *Gedichte* in 1778.<sup>20</sup> It portrays William, with Lenore on the horse behind him, dashing through the gates into the city, i. e. Prague. In the clouds above him the devil, blowing a horn, is encircled by eight naked devlets dancing in a ring. Below is the Icelandic motto,

Farþv nv þars

pic hafi allan gramir. Edda Sæmundar.<sup>21</sup>

At the bottom of the page, "London Printed for W. Miller, Old Bond Street." The preface covers pages v to viii. Before the poem is a head-piece, picturing William at the left in the attitude of the dying gladiator, his horse lying dead at the right; horsemen and a fortress are in the middle distance. The tail-piece is a cupid with torch reversed, sleeping on a new-made grave, a full moon in the sky. Both these pieces are by J. Harding.

The preface, which I infer was written by Mr. Stanley though signed by the publisher, explains the issue of the translation as follows:

The following little Poem was translated by a respectable friend of the publisher, who, being favoured with a perusal, was much pleased with its wild originality; and he has thought himself fortunate in obtaining permission to lay it before the public.

<sup>19</sup> It is the edition reviewed in the *Monthly Mirror* of March, 1796, not Dec., 1795, as by Brandl, who seems to have been misled by the date of the first number in the bound volume. The anonymity of this edition is attested by this review. It gives no name of translator in its heading of the article, and closes with: "The public are indebted to Mr. Miller [the publisher] for this fantastic little work, which betrays all the singularities of the German muse."

<sup>20</sup> See Sauers, *Bürger's Gedichte, Einleitung*, lxiii. Brandl describes the second edition as the one with the frontispiece by Chodowiecki (*Charakteristiken*, I, 244 f.), but he had probably not seen the first edition.

<sup>21</sup> The Icelandic motto below the frontispiece is apparently Stanley's, as it does not occur in the first collected edition of Bürger, for which the plate was made by the Polish artist. It is not unlikely that, in preparation for his expedition to Iceland, Stanley may have made some study of the older language. Perhaps it may be noted that Gray gives a brief quotation from Icelandic before each of his Icelandic translations.

The motto is appropriate, as will be seen from its meaning: "Go (fare) thou now where all fiends may have thee."

This account, true enough in itself though not stating the whole case as we now know, is doubtless the reason why less attention has been given to Mr. Stanley's translation and its priority to others. Apart from this, the preface shows the characteristic attitude of many Englishmen toward the new romanticism. Mr. Stanley felt he must apologize for such extravagance, as he does in his second paragraph:

The German author, conscious, perhaps, of the latitude he gives his imagination, was willing to shield himself under that liberty which poets are allowed the privilege of possessing: for the parody of the words

'The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;  
And these are of them'—

which is<sup>22</sup> placed as a motto to the title-page, is to be found in a preface to a collection of his works, published by him in his own country:—Was<sup>23</sup> it not for these *bubbles*, which nature, in her lavish mode, sometimes permits to issue from the mind, poetry would be deprived of many of her most beautiful productions.

Again, Mr. Stanley frankly admits that he has altered the poem, as "translated freely" of the title-page implies. He says:

The Poem will be found, in many respects, to have been altered from the original; but more particularly towards the conclusion, where the translator, thinking the moral not sufficiently explained, has added several lines. The German poem concludes with a stanza, the literal meaning of which may be given in the following words:

Now in the moonshine, round and round,  
Link'd hand in hand, the spirits fly;  
And as they dance, in howling sound,  
Have patience! patience! loud they cry.  
Though rack'd with sorrow, be resign'd,  
And not with God in Heaven contend:  
May God unto thy soul be kind,  
Thy earthly course is at an end.

To his translation of this last stanza, free enough in itself, Mr. Stanley added one of his own as follows:

Who call on God, when press'd with grief,  
Who trust his love for kind relief,  
Ally their hearts to his:  
When man will bear, and be resign'd,  
God ever soothes his suffering mind,  
And grants him future bliss.

It was thus that he thought to explain and strengthen for his countrymen the didacticism of the poem.<sup>24</sup>

<sup>22</sup> Altered in new edition to are.

<sup>23</sup> Changed to And were in new edition.

<sup>24</sup> This concluding stanza is the part so highly praised by Maria Josepha Holroyd: "The best parts are the Lines at the End, his own addition."

In Mr. Stanley's modifications of the poem there was, of course, no intention to mislead. Free paraphrasing of foreign works was common enough at the time. Besides, Mr. Stanley provided for the printing of the German text, "which may be had, sewed up with the translation, by such as should be desirous of comparing the one with the other."<sup>25</sup> Yet on the whole, this preface shows, quite as clearly as the poem itself, the spirit of the time immediately before the romantic revival gained its headway.

The preface to Mr. Stanley's first edition is dated Feb. 8, 1796.<sup>26</sup> The advertisement to the third, called a "new edition" is dated April 15 of the same year. Between these two appeared a second edition, a clear indication of considerable popularity. This second edition was an exact duplicate of the first, except for two slight changes on the title-page. There, just before the two verses, appeared the words "By J. T. Stanley, Esq. F.R.S.," and just after, "Second Edition."<sup>27</sup>

The interest excited by Stanley's translating of the *Lenore* not only inspired, before its publication, the proposed edition of Wm. R. Spencer to accompany Lady Beauclerk's drawings, but brought out two others. The first, and by far the more important, was the version of William Taylor of Norwich, made some years before as we shall see, and now printed for the first time in the March number of the *Monthly Magazine*. The second was by Henry James Pye, the poet laureate. This interest also encouraged Stanley's publisher to propose a new edition with better plates, in anticipation of that with the designs of Lady Diana Beauclerk. It is possible also that Mr. Spencer's known purpose to "improve" the translation may have had its influence. At least Mr. Stanley now made his own improvement.

<sup>25</sup> This accounts for the heading of the review in the *Monthly Mirror*, already noticed in footnote to p. 16. After giving the English title it adds, "Lenore, ein Gedicht von Gottfried August Bürger, London, 1796. S. Gosnell." Perhaps, too, this German print was to forestall criticism through comparison with the proposed edition of Mr. Spencer.

<sup>26</sup> A curious error regarding this date has led to several misunderstandings. When the third, or new edition was printed in April, the original preface was reprinted but the date was wrongly given as Feb. 8, 1786. This appears in the Harvard library copy at least, and I infer from what follows in all copies. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, LXVIII, 550 (1858), on Bürger and his Translators, first called attention to the date 1786, assumed it to be correct, and spoke of the poem as having been reprinted "ten years later", that is in 1796. As he mentions having the copy before him, we can hardly doubt his having seen the misprinted date. Yet Mr. W. W. Greg, in the *Modern Quarterly of Language and Literature*, assumed the 1786 of the *Fraser's* article to be a misreading of 1796, clearly without having examined closely the new edition, unless, indeed, there be some prints in which the wrong date had been corrected.

The error also appears in Gilchrist's *Life of Blake* (I, 134) where it is said: "In 1795-6 Miller, the publisher of Old Bond Street, employed Blake to illustrate a new edition in quarto of a translation of Bürger's *Lenore*, by one Mr. J. T. Stanley, F. R. S. The first edition (1786) had preceded by ten years Sir Walter Scott's translation which came out at the same time as Stanley's new edition." The latter statement should also read in the same year, not "at the same time", as we shall see. The first date should be 1796.

<sup>27</sup> This statement is based on a collation of the first edition, lent me by Miss Adeane, and the second edition in the British Museum.

He considerably altered the translation in details, and especially wrote a new conclusion.

The importance of this new edition, especially in relation to the conflict between the old and the new spirit in our literature, merits a fuller description than has hitherto been given. Its title-page reads:

Leonora/A Tale/Translated and altered from the/German/of  
Gottfried Augustus Bürger/By J. T. Stanley, Esq. F.R.S. &c./

"Poetry hath Bubbles, as the water has:

"And these are of them,"—

Does not the idea of a God include

The notion of beneficent and good;

Of one to mercy, not revenge inclin'd,

Able and willing to relieve mankind?

A New Edition/London/Printed by S. Gosnall/For William Miller,  
Old Bond Street/1796.

The frontispiece of Chodowiecki is now replaced by one designed by Blake and engraved by Perry. There are head and tail pieces by the same artist.<sup>28</sup> Below the frontispiece are the following lines, "altered from Young" of the *Night Thoughts*:

O! how I dreamt of things impossible!

Of Death affecting Forms least like himself;

I've seen, or dreamt I saw the Tyrant dress,

Lay by his Horrors, and put on his Smiles;

Treacherous he came an unexpected Guest,

Nay, though invited by the loudest Calls

Of blind Imprudence, unexpected still;

And then he dropt his Mask.<sup>29</sup>

The preface of the first edition is reprinted with slight changes, and a new preface, called an advertisement, explains the new issue. In this the publisher says:

The favourable manner in which the translation of "Leonora",

<sup>28</sup> The illustrations by Blake have their special interest, both in themselves and in connecting Stanley with this eccentric but important romanticist. The first is reproduced in the *Early Married Life*, p. 103. It portrays a greatly elongated horse plunging in the air, breathing out flame, and spurning the earth with a similar display of fireworks. On its back is William, clutched round the waist by the terrified Lenore, William waving to an "airy crew" of creatures, mainly heads, which show joy and terror. Below are human figures, half sunk in the earth and looking up with amazement, while a naked "ghostly crew" of three men and two women dance frantically across the face of the full moon just above the horizon.

The head-piece represents the return of the soldiers from the war. At the right a husband and wife are clasped in each other's arms, a child also clinging to the father's leg. Two grenadiers with their sweethearts are in the center, "their helms bedecked with oaken boughs," and before them three youths, one blowing a reed instrument, and one with a drum. At the right Lenore and her mother look on, taking no part in the joyous return.

The tail-piece contains three figures. Lenore is starting from her couch, as if waking from a dream. William, with arms outstretched, is rushing toward her, followed by the mother close behind. This, of course, illustrates Stanley's new conclusion.

<sup>29</sup> The passage is from *The Complaint or Night Thoughts*, Night V near the end, the paragraph beginning "He most affects the forms least like himself"; phrases are taken from some four paragraphs. This is not unlikely Blake's work, as it seems a part of the plate itself. In 1796 Blake was making designs for an elaborate edition of Young's *Night Thoughts*, still a popular book, and this may have accounted for his choice of a motto from that poem; see Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*, I, 135.

offered by me to the Public, has been received, I feel highly flattering, as a proof, my opinion of the work was not erroneous, when I thought it worthy being submitted to their perusal.

When the last Edition was nearly exhausted, I intimated to Mr. Stanley, (whom now I am allowed to name as the Translator of the poem) my intention to re-publish it on a larger sized paper, accompanied by some new Engravings; he, in consequence, was pleased to send me, after an interval of some days, a copy of his Translation, much altered, and much enlarged, together with a letter, which, having his permission, as it states his reasons for deviating from the story originally related by Bürger, I shall here insert.

"Dear Sir, I have sent you, according to my promise, a corrected copy of the translation of Burger's *Leonora*. Translation, indeed, I ought scarcely now to call it; for I have so altered and added to the original, that the story in its English dress, has acquired a character altogether new and peculiarly its own.

Since your first publication of the poem, I have often doubted whether it was not calculated (as far as its effects could extend) to injure the cause of Religion and Morality, by exhibiting a representation of supernatural interference, inconsistent with our ideas of a just and benevolent Deity.

Such reflections have tempted me to make the alterations I have alluded to. I am, however, doubtful whether they will be approved by the public. Those who think the merit of the Poem consists in its power of exciting terror, and who love to retain the impressions of such sentiments when once excited, will probably condemn every deviation from the original, as prejudicial to its interests; but, on the other hand, many may prefer it, as it will appear in your new Edition, who think that the first object of all writing, particularly of all poetry, as bearing the character of more studied composition, should be to teach man clear ideas of justice and injustice, vice and virtue. They will be pleased to find the Almighty no longer held out to their contemplation as an irritable and vindictive ruler, ever watchful for offence, and prepared to punish; but instead, as a friend and affectionate parent, having but one interest with his creatures, happy in their happiness, and associated to their nature in the captivating forms of sympathy and love.

I am, dear Sir, truly your's, I. T. S.  
Bolton Row, April 15, 1796."

The Public will judge between the merits of the first, and this new publication of *Leonora*, and it remains with me only to express my hopes that no purchaser of the former edition will be displeased at the appearance of another so much altered, and to inform such as may be desirous of exchanging the one for the other, that I shall, at all times, be ready to obey their orders.

Old Bond Street.

W. M.

It is clear from the letter of Mr. Stanley, found in the advertisement, that he was no child of the new romanticism. Although he seems to have enjoyed German poetry, he was still English to the core, attached to the established order of things, perhaps somewhat alarmed at the evident interest of his countrymen in what he thought German extravagance. This is even more fully confirmed by the new conclusion which he made for Bürger's poem. To offset the ghastly crew of spectres he introduces a second voice, which speaks "in milder tones" to the swooning Leonora. Transformed by the voice she is still able to express her resignation as she sinks into unconsciousness, and the spectres vanish discomfited. Then the dawn is made to appear, with "Love and his smiling train." William returns, calls to his Leonora to awake, tells her "Death has vainly aimed his dart," and clasps her in his arms as the poem closes. The whole makes an addition of eight stanzas, or seven besides the original stanza, now somewhat modified, which Mr. Stanley had first added to the Bürger material.

But these are by no means all the changes made in this new edition. Besides many verbal alterations in individual lines, of which a detailed account need not be given here, he added considerably in other ways. For instance, Bürger's poem consists of thirty-two stanzas. Mr. Stanley's first edition has thirty-four stanzas, the last of which was his own. The third, or new edition, has forty-four stanzas, ten more than his first version. Of these one new one is added after the twenty-first of the first edition, and another after the twenty-second. These, with the eight new stanzas at the end, account for the additions in this new edition.

The issue of three editions of Stanley's *Leonora* within a little more than two months is proof that it was not unfavorably received. Its reception by the reviewers attests the same fact. We have noted how the *Monthly Mirror* expressed the public's debt to the publisher "for this fantastic little work." It added, "The translator has lost little of the spirit of the original, though we think the metre he has adopted is by no means advantageous to the subject."<sup>80</sup> Both the *Critical* and *Monthly Reviews* noticed it, with Pye's translation, in July. The former says of the two:

Mr. Pye claims the merit of superior exactness,—having translated it, as he says, line by line. Mr. Stanley's, however, we do not find deficient in exactness; and it is more concise, and, we think, has

<sup>80</sup> *Monthly Mirror*, March, 1796, the first volume of this periodical.

clearly more spirit than the other. Both have succeeded sufficiently to gratify the English reader with a very striking story; but neither has transfused the peculiar and characteristic beauties of his author with a free and masterly hand.

At this point the reviewer mentions what is evidently Taylor's version of the *Lenore*, which had appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* for March. He then takes up Stanley's new conclusion:

Since the above was written, a new edition has appeared of Mr. Stanley's version, in which his attention to the moral which we have before noticed, has led him to make a very material alteration in the catastrophe of the piece. . . .

Whether the generality of readers will think Mr. Stanley altered for the better a ballad of such a cast, by giving it a fortunate conclusion, we can not say; for our parts we confess we think he has not only flattened the piece very much, but spoiled the moral it was his object to improve. The story of Bürger is no doubt highly filled with horror; but for those whose sensibilities are too delicate to bear any thing which strongly moves them, poetry enough exists of a tamer cast:—there was no occasion to render Bürger tame.<sup>31</sup>

The *Monthly Review* was also generally favorable, though also criticising the new conclusion of the poem:

We think it unnecessary to prompt the judgment of our readers with respect to the comparative merit of the two versions. . . . On the whole, however, we deem ourselves justified in saying that Mr. Stanley's performance contains more of the graces of poetry than the other. at no greater expense of ease and propriety of language. In his second edition [really the new edition as shown by the heading of the article] Mr. Stanley has deviated from himself, and from his original, in a total alteration of the catastrophe; which, by the ready artifice of supposing all the horrid scenery to have passed in a vision, he makes to end with the repentance of Leonora, rewarded by the return of her lover. For this liberty, he gives certain moral and religious reasons, which, we confess, do not greatly weigh with us; since, in a play of the fancy like the present, we rather look for a gratification of the imagination, than for any solid lesson for the understanding. We commend Mr. Stanley's motive: but, to those who delight in a tale of wonder and horror, we are convinced that the terrible catastrophe will be the most impressive:—and no others will delight in it at all.<sup>32</sup>

<sup>31</sup> *Critical Review*, July, 1796, N. S. XVII, 308.

<sup>32</sup> *Monthly Review*, July, 1796, N. S. XX, 325.

The *Monthly Mirror* followed its first notice of Stanley by a further reference to him when reviewing Pye and Spencer, in July, 1796:

It is difficult to say which is the best—they have all their different degrees of merit. Mr. Pye's is nearest to the original, but has less spirit than Spencer's, and less simplicity than Stanley's. The first translator [Mr. Stanley] is perhaps entitled to more indulgence than his competitors, since they have had the opportunity of profiting by example.

Before dismissing Mr. Stanley and his translation of Bürger, a word further on the man himself. He never published anything after the *Leonora*, except Letters on his resigning his commission and some reports on farming.<sup>33</sup> He gave up his parliamentary seat at the close of the session in 1796, not caring to stand for the new parliament.<sup>34</sup> He continued major of the Cheshire militia until the latter part of 1797 when he settled at Alderley Park, his home to the death of his father and his accession to the baronetcy. That occurred in 1807 when he became Sir John Stanley. A little more than twenty years later he was made first Lord Stanley of Alderley, doubtless a reward for his long profession of liberal principles.

Mr. Stanley thus separated himself wholly from the making of literature, though there are many evidences that he continued to enjoy it. More important are the proofs that he again sometimes tried translation from the German, though not for publication. In another letter of "Serena" to Maria Josepha, then Mrs. Stanley, she says:

Did I tell you how charmed I was with Mr. Stanley's translation of the 'Generous Lye'? It really seemed the original, and with all its absurdity, is quite beautiful. I read it to Lady Hesketh and two or three more, but it was never out of my hands.<sup>35</sup>

This refers to a little one-act drama of Kotzebue, *Die edle Lüge*,

<sup>33</sup> The first was called "*The Correspondence of J. T. Stanley Esq. with the Earl of Stamford, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Cheshire; and other Letters relative to the resignation of his Commission as Major in the Royal Militia, 1798.*" For the second, see the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Dec., 1850, N. S. XXXIV, 655.

<sup>34</sup> To her aunt Maria Josepha explains Mr. Stanley's withdrawal from parliament as follows: "He does not intend to come in again, which I am very glad of, as he is so warm in Politics when engaged, and on the Liberty side too, which may lead to anything bad, with the best original intentions, that it is much better for the Domestic Happiness of both that he should give up the pursuit entirely, not having the least ambitious turn of mind."—*Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*, p. 386.

<sup>35</sup> *Early Married Life*, p. 176; letter dated Mar. 1, 1799. Lady Hasketh was the favorite correspondent of the poet Cowper, and an intimate friend of Miss Sarah Holroyd. In her answer Mrs. Stanley says: "I am very glad you liked the 'Generous Lye.' There are very beautiful natural passages in it, though the plan is so German. I see two translations of the 'Noble Lye' are published. It is very odd that the German translators will always present themselves in pairs."—*Ibid.*, p. 179. The last sentence refers to the fact that Stanley's *Leonora* was so soon followed by another, probably meaning Spencer's.

brought into prominence by the new interest in that German dramatist at the close of the century.<sup>36</sup>

A letter of Maria Stanley herself also shows that her husband had translated other German poetry. She writes to her sister Louisa, early in 1800:

I dote upon the German authors, whether they are in the tender, passionate, or horrible style. In all, I think, they excel. There is a play by Goethe—'Stella'—some scenes of which the Man [a common name of Mrs. Stanley for her husband] has translated, and I never read anything equal to it for passion mixed with the greatest delicacy of sentiment. . . . Now and then I catch the Man to translate a little, and am as pleased as Punch. Last night I had an idyll and a half read to me.<sup>37</sup>

That German literature was frequently read in these years at the Stanley home is also clear from another passage in the letters. Mrs. Stanley writes:

In general, I am disappointed with any translation of any play, poem or fragment which has not first been translated by the Man; and not only because Adam the relator is to be preferred before any angel, for reasons too obvious to insert, but because the literal version which he gives, though it would not do to set down, often preserves more of the spirit and peculiar beauty of the German sentiments than a polished and Englishified translation can do.<sup>38</sup>

I have been thus full in the account of Mr. Stanley and his translation of *Lenore* because they have not been given sufficient prominence in previous discussions of the Bürger influence in England. Stanley's acquaintance with German literature was quite as early as that of William Taylor of Norwich. His translation of Bürger's poem was also the first to be published. Even before publication, too, like Taylor's, it had inspired another. Besides, indirectly, it called forth the publication of Taylor's first version and of Pye's translation. Incidentally, it resulted in the drawings of Blake, and less directly the designs of Lady Diana Beauclerk.

### III. WILLIAM TAYLOR AND HIS TRANSLATION OF LENORE.

The publication of Stanley's *Leonora* resulted in the speedy printing of William Taylor's first version of the Bürger poem in the *Monthly Magazine* for March. I say the first version because,

<sup>36</sup> One of the two translations referred to in the letter quoted in the preceding footnote is noticed in the *Monthly Review* of May, 1799. It was translated by Maria Geisweiler.

<sup>37</sup> *Early Married Life*, p. 191.

<sup>38</sup> *Early Married Life*, p. 179.

as we shall see, Taylor printed a revised form before the close of the year, and this second version is more widely known from its republication, many years later, in his *Historic Survey of German Poetry*.<sup>89</sup>

That Taylor's was the next version to be printed seems clear from the fact that Pye's translation is not mentioned among new publications until the April number of the *Monthly Magazine*. This periodical, it should be said, was issued toward the last of the month, possibly at the very end, a common way with eighteenth century magazines. The proof of this is that in each number occur references to the events of the current month. Thus, letters as late as the twentieth, and events as late as the twenty-second of March appear in the March number. Again, Stanley's *Leonora*, which could not have appeared until Feb. 8, as shown by the date of its preface, is mentioned among the new books in the February number. The mention of Pye's translation as new only in the April number implies, therefore, that it was not issued until that month, or at the earliest toward the very end of March. This makes practically certain that the Taylor version was the second to be issued, or at least that Taylor's and Pye's translations appeared simultaneously.

William Taylor's interest in German literature is well known, but some additional facts may now be given regarding his translation of this particular poem. To do this we must review briefly certain parts of his life. He was the son of a prosperous tradesman of Norwich, where he was born in 1765. His most important early schooling began at Palgrave near Diss, Norfolk, in 1774. At the head of the school in these years was the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, husband of the more famous Anne Letitia Aikin, the Mrs. Barbauld of English literature, who also assisted in the school. She was sister of Dr. John Aikin, minor poet and miscellaneous writer of the time. As we shall notice later, this acquaintance with Mrs. Barbauld and Dr. John Aikin was to have important relations to Taylor's translation of *Lenore*, as well as to one other of the translators of this eventful year. From Mrs. Barbauld the young Taylor received his early training in English composition, with such effect that he later called her "the mother of his mind", and always re-

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<sup>89</sup> This was printed in three volumes, one a year, from 1828 to 1830.

garded her instructions as the most valuable part of the discipline through which he had passed."<sup>40</sup>

In 1779 Taylor made the first of three visits to the continent, this time through the Netherlands, France and Italy. In April, 1781, he again left for the continent, and about the middle of July settled at Detmold, Westphalia, for the study of German.<sup>41</sup>

There he spent a year and a few days, becoming an enthusiastic student of the new culture, of which, not many years afterwards, he was to be an early exponent in his native country. As we are not now interested in his later work, it may be hastily summarized. It consisted of much reviewing of German literature, much criticism of more general character in various reviews, some further translations of high character, and finally in the later years of his life his *Historic Survey of German Poetry*.

Taylor's residence and study in Germany fully account for his later devotion to German literature. Yet it was not at once to bear fruit in translation or exposition of German poetry. This was partly owing to Taylor's association with his father in business from 1784 to 1788, and less actively until the business was given up in 1791. Yet Taylor's interest in literature continued during these years, and he was eager to devote his whole time to it. A further interest in German is perhaps associated with that of his friend Sayers. The latter had given up his medical studies at the University of Edinburgh in 1788 and, devoting himself to literature soon after, published his *Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology* in 1790. As already noted, Taylor visited Sayers at Edinburgh in the

<sup>40</sup> Robberds, *Life of William Taylor*, I, p. 8. The quotation as to Mrs. Barbauld is from Taylor's *Memoir of Sayers*, p. xii, prefixed to his edition of Sayers's *Works*. In that place also (p. xviii) he tells us how Mrs. Barbauld taught English to the young boys of the school. In this age of striving after new methods it is worth repeating: "Among the instructions bestowed at Palgrave, Dr. Sayers has repeatedly observed to me, that he most valued the lessons in English composition superintended by Mrs. Barbauld. On Wednesdays and Saturdays the boys were called in separate classes to her apartment; she read a fable, a short story, or a moral essay, to them aloud, and then sent them back into the school-room to write it out on the slates in their own words. Each exercise was separately overlooked by her; the faults in grammar were obliterated, the vulgarisms were chastised, the idle epithets were cancelled, and a distinct reason was always assigned for every correction; so that the arts of inditing and criticising were in some degree learnt together."

In her *Autobiography* (I, 298) Harriet Martineau says of the same: "Mrs. Barbauld . . . helped him [her husband] in his great school at Palgrave in Suffolk, by taking charge of the very little boys. William Taylor and my father had stood at her knee with their slates."

<sup>41</sup> A month later the young Stanley was at Brunswick; see p. 12. Taylor's third visit to the continent, in which we are less interested, was begun in May, 1790. On the ninth of that month he shows his revolutionary sentiments by writing in a letter: "At length I have kissed the earth on the land of liberty." Stanley was also a sympathizer with the Revolution. In his *Praeterita* he writes: "In 1789, only six years afterwards, I was in Paris, and found workmen demolishing the last few towers [of the Bastille]. . . . I could not resist the temptation of having a share in the work of demolition; I borrowed a pickaxe and brought down a few fragments of what remained, which I put into my pocket and which I still have."—*Early Married Life*, p. 32.

former year.<sup>42</sup> Perhaps, too, the appearance of a new edition of Bürger's *Gedichte* in 1789 may have turned his attention again to that poet. In any case Taylor began his translations from German poetry about this time. He prepared his English versions of Goethe's *Iphigenia* and Lessing's *Nathan Der Weise* in 1790, though they were not printed until later, the first in 1793, the second not until 1805.

It is to 1790 also that Taylor himself assigned his translation of *Lenore*. In a note at the end of the version printed in his *Historic Survey of German Poetry* (II, 51) he says:

This was the earliest of them all [the *Lenore* translations], having been communicated to my friends in the year 1790, and mentioned in the preface to Dr. Aikin's poems, which appeared in 1791. The latter statement of Taylor is not quite accurate. It is in a note at the end of the poem, not in the preface, that Dr. Aikin says:

The idea of this piece was taken from a ballad translated by an ingenious friend from the German of Buirgher. The story and scenery are however totally different, and the resemblance only consists in a visionary journey.<sup>43</sup>

It will be seen that Dr. Aikin makes no such definite reference as would establish the time at which Taylor's translation of *Lenore* was composed. Fortunately much more definite proof that Taylor's poem was known as early as 1791 is given in a letter from a German friend. On August 10, 1791, A. M. Benzler wrote to Taylor from Wernigerode:

Möchten Sie diese treffliche Uebersetzung, zu Ehre der Deutschen Muse, doch bald durch den Druck bekannt machen, so wie auch die Lenore! über welche ich mir eine genaue Kritik noch vorbehalte, da mir jetzt die Zeit dazu fehlt.<sup>44</sup>

Benzler's reference to "diese treffliche Uebersetzung," and the later "so wie auch die Lenore," shows that the latter at least had been sent him some time before. It therefore proves, more conclusively than the allusion by Aikin, that Taylor's translation was known to others than himself as early as the first part of 1791.<sup>45</sup>

<sup>42</sup> See footnote to p. 12.

<sup>43</sup> *Poems* by J. Aikin M. D., Ld., 1791, p. 41. The last statement is hardly as exact as it should be. See the later discussion. The writer of the notice of Stanley and Pye in the *Monthly Review* N. S. XX, 322 (July, 1796), who may have been Taylor himself, has this sentence: "We recollect that Dr. Aikin, in his poems published in 1791, has taken a hint from this very piece [*Bürger's Lenore*], which he mentions to have come to his knowledge by reason of the translation of a friend."

<sup>44</sup> Robberds, *Life of Taylor*, I, 105. The criticism is sent in a letter of Nov. 19, 1791.

<sup>45</sup> George Herzfeld notes (*William Taylor von Norwich*, p. 21), from an allusion in the *Goett. gel. Anz.* of 1796, that Bürger himself also had knowledge of Taylor's translation of his poem, perhaps through Benzler, whom he mentions in his letters.

While the reference of Dr. Aikin is not as definite as it might be, there can be no reasonable doubt that it refers to Taylor's *Lenora*. Indeed the *Arthur and Matilda* of Aikin is much more closely modeled upon Bürger's poem and Taylor's translation than the author's note implies. Reversing the situation of the German poem, Aikin's hero is sailing in a "stately ship o'er the Indian seas," ardently longing for home. In this mood he sees a little boat guided by a maiden, whom he soon recognizes as his betrothed Matilda. She calls to Arthur to embark with her, but when he does so insists that he should not touch her. Under her guidance of the boat they sail all night and at daybreak into the mouth of a cavern. Here they disembark and Arthur follows "Matilda's ghastly form" up "a narrow winding path," until they come to heaps of "mould'ring bones." Matilda proclaims this as her home, and asks Arthur to "take a bride's embrace." He "stretch'd his doubtful arms," "grasp'd an empty shade," and then fortunately "all the vision fled," the abrupt conclusion of a ghostly tale.<sup>46</sup> It is clear, though Dr. Aikin may not have realized it, that there was much more resemblance between his poem and the *Lenora* than the "visionary journey" which he admits.

The second statement of Taylor in his note on the poem in the *Historic Survey*, that he had communicated the translation to his friends some years before its publication, is also substantiated by references in both the *Critical* and *Monthly Reviews*. The first says, in its notice of Stanley and Pye:

We can not forbear mentioning, that we have seen some years ago, in private circulation, a translation of this piece, which has lately been inserted in a periodical publication, and which is superior to either of these. . . . Those who have read the excellent translation of Goethe's *Iphigenia* may perhaps guess to whom they owe the obligation.<sup>47</sup>

The *Monthly Review* also begins a similar notice of Stanley and Pye as follows:

<sup>46</sup> In thus making the whole a vision, Dr. Aikin is not really following Bürger or Taylor, but does anticipate the conclusion which Stanley gave to his final edition of *Lenore*. It may be noted also that the preceding piece in Aikin's volume may owe something of its origin to Bürger's poem. It is called *Susanna's Vigil*, and tells how the heroine wakes at midnight on the anniversary of her William's death, to go forth and kneel "in speechless moan" upon his grave. At length she begs him to appear, if "thou hover'st round these cold remains", and as she rises she hears

"Sweet music trilling in her ears,  
And sees her William's glittering form."

She returns to her couch and to sleep, but her grief continues "and soon in one eternal rest" closes "the sorrowing lingering strife."

<sup>47</sup> *Critical Review*, N. S. XVII, 303; July, 1796. As already noted, Taylor had published his translation of Goethe's *Iphigenia* in 1793.

It will appear extraordinary that a poem, written a considerable time since, and known in this country at least for some years, should on a sudden have excited so much attention as to employ the pen of various translators, and the pencil of more than one designer.<sup>48</sup>

In the next sentence it adds of this translation, "since published, as we understand, in a new magazine," an evident allusion to the *Monthly Magazine* of March. Twice afterwards does the same *Review* refer to the priority of Taylor's version. In the next volume, reviewing Taylor's second version, called *Ellenore*, it says:

This is the translation to which we some time ago alluded, as being the earliest in point of time, of the various English versions of this fashionable ballad.<sup>49</sup>

We have already accounted for the way in which Dr. Aikin knew of Taylor's translation, through the acquaintance of Taylor with Mrs. Barbauld, Dr. Aikin's sister. The acquaintance with Dr. Aikin also accounts for Taylor's printing his translation in the *Monthly Magazine*. The former had recently founded that periodical with the understanding that Taylor should coöperate.<sup>50</sup> It was natural, therefore, that the new English interest in Bürger should have resulted in Taylor's translation appearing in that magazine.<sup>51</sup>

Taylor's version, called *Lenora, a Ballad from Bürger*, was preceded by the following note:

The following translation (made some years since) of a celebrated piece, of which other versions have appeared and are now on the point of appearing, possesses so much peculiar and intrinsic merit that we are truly happy in being permitted to present it to our readers.

<sup>48</sup> *Monthly Review*, N. S. XX, 322; July, 1796.

<sup>49</sup> *Monthly Review*, N. S. XXI, 186; February, 1797. This review, though of Taylor's second version, is attributed to himself in Robberds, *Life*, I, 168. Robberds makes no comment, but if this is true I suspect that the other *Monthly Review* articles on the *Lenore* translations were also by him. Other contributions to that periodical indicate his activity in connection with it after 1798. See the letter to Dr. Griffiths in Robberds, *Life*, I, 124, and compare Herzfeld, *Taylor von Norwich*, p. 26.

<sup>50</sup> Robberds, *Life*, I, 155.

<sup>51</sup> Robberds, *Life* (I, 394) says that Taylor was paid six shillings for the article. It was printed without his name. In this connection Robberds used a sentence which is at least misleading. He says of Taylor's translation: "In the six years during which it remained in manuscript, it became so extensively known, by passing successively from one friend to another, that besides Walter Scott's three other imitations of it appeared almost simultaneously in the year 1796, and more were afterwards added. The announcement of these caused it to be inserted in the *Monthly Magazine*, and afterwards reprinted as a separate publication." There is no authority, so far as I can find, for the implication that any of the other translators of this year had seen Taylor's version. Yet this error of Robberds led the writer of the article William Taylor, in the *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*, to say: "The announcement of the almost simultaneous publication of Scott's version and three others had led Taylor to publish his in the 'Monthly Magazine' just founded by John Aikin."

The latter statement may be one reason why the chronological relations of the various translations have been so frequently missed. Only Stanley's translation had appeared when Taylor printed. Spencer's had been announced, but Scott did not print until October.

At the close of the poem also appears a brief note, reading "For a particular account of Bürger see p. 117." The brief account alluded to is called, "Some account of the Poems of G. A. Bürger, by the translator of Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris*", the last clause a bracketed note by the editor of the magazine. The identity of the translator of *Lenore* is thus indirectly made known. The statement regarding Bürger's work gives dates of the editions of his poems, some general characteristics, and especially notes his use of English Ballads as a basis for some of his own. It closes with the remark that "a few shorter poems and two of his wholly original ballads may give some idea of his peculiarity to the English readers." To this is added, in parentheses and italics, to indicate an editorial note: "For these our readers are referred to our poetical department of this and the following months."<sup>52</sup>

Close student of German literature as Taylor was, he by no means made a literal translation of Bürger's poem. He was the first to give it the ballad form in English. Stanley used a six-line stanza, riming aabccb. Pye and Spencer chose an eight-line stanza made up of two independent quatrains of double rime, the line being one of four stresses. Pye's verse was trochaic catalectic, all others iambic in flow. In imitation of English ballads also, Taylor used a somewhat archaic diction and spelling, a feature which was to have its influence as we shall see. Taylor, too, caught more clearly than any other translator, except possibly Scott, the spirit of the original. Apart from this, he made one significant change in the story. He threw back the scene from the period of the Seven Years' war to the time of the crusades. Perhaps this was to make the supernatural element seem more appropriate, perhaps it was only a ballad imitation in respect to time.<sup>53</sup>

He also transferred the home of William and Lenora from Germany to England, as he made the names English in form. For such change of locality Taylor had the example of Bürger himself.

<sup>52</sup> In the following month (April) was printed Taylor's translation of Bürger's *Des Pfarrers Tochter*, called by the translator *The Lass of Fair Wone*. It has not been noticed, however, that the promise of a few of his shorter poems was also fulfilled in the May number by the publication of *The Menagerie of the Gods* and *Pro Patria Mori*, both "from the German of Bürger." They are reproduced, though without mention of previous publication, in the *Historic Survey*. None of these later translations was in archaic spelling.

<sup>53</sup> Taylor made the first couplet of the second stanza read:

He went abroad with Richard's host,  
The paynim foes to quell,

where the original has:

Er war mit König Friedrichs Macht  
Gezogen in die Pragerschlacht.

The change in time and place also made possible Taylor's frequently recurring line "Splash, splash across the sea," for which there is nothing in the original.

He had already noted, in his account of Bürger's poems,<sup>54</sup> that the German poet had transferred to Germany the scene of all English poems he had used. Thus in his *Lenore*, which is based upon the English ballad of *Sweet William's Ghost*, Bürger had transferred the scene to the German wars of Frederick and the Queen of Austria. Taylor's modification merely returned the story to the country from which it had been originally taken.

The references to Taylor's translation in the reviews of the other versions are proof that it was appreciated. Other evidence is furnished by letters of literary people of the time. One of the earliest I have found is by Anna Seward, often called the Swan of Lichfield. In a letter of June 1, 1796, she asks:

Have you read any of the translations of a short German poem, called William and Lenora? I hear there are several, but that the one which was shown to me is the best, and it is printed entire in the Monthly Magazine of March last. It is the wildest and oddest of all terrible things, and has made considerable noise amongst our few poetic readers. [She notes the relation of Lenore to the English *Sweet William's Ghost*, and thinks Bürger was also influenced by the Scripture 'Death on his white horse.'] The short abrupt measure of the translation before mentioned, suits the rapidity of a midnight journey of a thousand miles. The German poet has given a great accession of sublimity, in spite of the vulgarness of cant phrases, used for the purpose of picturesque sound. The pale steed, on which the lover mounts with his mistress—the flying backward to right and left of woods, rocks, mountains, plains, and towns, by the speed of travel, and overhead the scudding back of the moon and stars—the creeping train of the swarthy funeral, chanting the death-psalm, like toads croaking from the dark and lonely moors—the transformation of the knight to a bony and eyeless skeleton—the vanishing of the death-horse, breathing charnel-fires, then thinning to smoke, and paling and bleaching away to nothing—are grand additions to the terrific graces of the ancient song.<sup>55</sup>

Yet this literary judgment of the Swan of Lichfield was soon to be surprisingly transformed. In July she received from Lord Bagot a copy of Mr. Spencer's *Leonora* with the designs of Lady Beauclerk, and ever after she was a fervent admirer of that version of the German ballad. Yet she does occasionally have a lingering appreciation of the Taylor translation. In a letter of July 19, announcing the gift of Lord Bagot, she writes:

Before I received this superior version, another in a simpler

<sup>54</sup> *Monthly Magazine*, I, 117; see p. 30.

<sup>55</sup> *Letters of Anna Seward*, IV, 211. She follows the passage quoted with a reference to the pathos of the English ballad, as compared with the German of Bürger.

style had impressed me extremely; and I now think that, in one or two passages, it transcends Mr. Spencer's . . . generally more spirited, more elevated paraphrase—especially here:

It creeps, the swarthy funeral train,  
The corse is on the bier.  
Like croak of toads from lonely moor,  
It slowly meets the ear.

Black'ning the night, a funeral train  
On a cold bier a coffin brings,  
Their slow pace measur'd to a strain  
Sad as the sadest night-bird sings.

[She comments at length to the advantage of the Taylor version, but adds the following sentence]: But the Spencer paraphrase, rich in general superiorities, need not grudge to its rival the transcendence of one or two passages.<sup>56</sup>

Far more important than these letters of Miss Seward are those of men soon to bring in a new era in literature. Lamb, writing to Coleridge July 17, 1796, asks:

Have you read a ballad called 'Leonora' in the second number of the 'Monthly Magazine'? If you have!!!!!!!!!!!!!! There is another fine song, from the same author (Berger), in the 3rd No., of scarce inferior merit.<sup>57</sup>

We have no word of Coleridge in reply to Lamb, and he was in such personal difficulties himself that he may not have answered.<sup>58</sup> Later, however, while in Germany, Coleridge was in correspondence with Taylor regarding the latter's poem and praised it highly. He and Wordsworth had disagreed as to the value of Bürger's poetry, Coleridge supporting it enthusiastically. The correspondence shows that Wordsworth also knew Taylor's translation of the *Lenore*. He wrote:

We have read 'Leonora' and a few things of Bürger; but on the whole we were disappointed, particularly in 'Leonora' which we thought in several passages inferior to the English translation. 'Wie donnerten die Brücken'—how inferior to

<sup>56</sup> *Letters*, IV, 230 f. The last line of the Taylor quatrain does not quite agree with that in the *Monthly Magazine*, and Miss Seward makes no attempt to reproduce the archaic spelling.

<sup>57</sup> *Lamb's Works*, ed. by Lucas, VI, 38. The mutilations of Bürger's name in this period are minor evidences for the prevailing ignorance of German. Lamb also gives the name of Taylor's version incorrectly. The other "fine song" is Bürger's *Des Pfarrers Tochter*, called by Taylor in his translation *The Lass of Fair Wone*, but later in his *Historic Survey, The Parson's Daughter*; see Robberds, *Life*, I, 157.

Possibly this was the first time Coleridge's attention had been called to the new *Monthly Magazine*. But he was soon a contributor, printing poems in the September (inserted by Lamb) and October numbers; see *Letters of Coleridge*, ed. by E. H. Coleridge, I, 179, footnote. Lamb also contributed, according to the *Life* by Lucas, I, 124.

<sup>58</sup> See the *Introduction* by Dykes Campbell, in his ed. of *Coleridge's Poet. and Dram. Works*, 1893.

The bridges thunder as they pass,  
But earthly sound was none, &c, &c.<sup>59</sup>

The English lines here quoted are from Taylor's version, though with a slight change in the last, doubtless due to imperfect memory.

Southey also had read the Bürger translations of Taylor, though he seems to have preferred the second in the *Monthly Magazine*, *The Lass of Fair Wone*, to the *Lenora*. He writes to Bedford, July 31, 1796:

Lenora is partly borrowed from an old English ballad —

Is there any room at your head, William?

Is there any room at your feet? [quotes six lines more.]

But the other ballad of Bürger, in the *Monthly Magazine*, is most excellent. I know no commendation equal to its merit; read it again, Grosvenor, and read it aloud. The man who wrote that should have been ashamed of Lenora. Who is this Taylor? I suspected they were by Sayers.<sup>60</sup>

Some years later Southey seems to have felt a higher regard for Taylor's *Lenora*. He had come to know who Taylor was, and was now in correspondence with him. On May 30, 1799, he writes:

Lewis, the Monk-man, is about to publish a compilation of ballads, a superb quarto I understand, with prints. He has applied to me for some of mine, and to some person who had translated '*Lenore*,' and to whom your translation had been attributed; so that instead of yours he has hampered himself with a very inferior one. I suppose he will get rid of it and request yours.<sup>61</sup>

Taylor's answer to Southey perhaps indicates something of the chagrin he may rightly have felt at the preference shown for another version less excellent than his own. He wrote on June 23, "Of Mr. Lewis I have heard nothing, and conclude that he prefers to associate with Mr. Spencer's rank and style in poetry."<sup>62</sup> Lewis did finally print Taylor's first version, though with no hint of the author. He gives the translation high praise, however, in his prefatory note:

This version of Bürger's well-known ballad was published in the *Monthly Magazine*, and I consider it as a masterpiece of translation. Indeed, as far as my opinion goes, the English ballad is, in

<sup>59</sup> Robberds, *Life*, I, 319. In Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* for the year 1798, the record for Oct. 2 reads: "Bought Burgher's poems, the price 6 marks." Coleridge later quotes Wordsworth again: "As to Bürger, I am far from that admiration of him which he has excited in you; but I am slow to admire, and I am not yet sufficiently master of the language to understand him perfectly."

<sup>60</sup> *Life and Correspondence of Southey*, I, 286.

<sup>61</sup> Robberds, *Life*, I, 279 f. Lewis's "compilation of ballads" was of course the *Tales of Wonder*, printed in 1801.

<sup>62</sup> Robberds, *Life*, I, 283.

point of merit, far superior both in spirit and harmony to the German, which is written in a stanza producing an effect very unsatisfactory to the ear.<sup>63</sup>

In connection with Lewis's use of Taylor's first version should be mentioned another reprint of the poem, as showing the regard in which it was held. The *Annual Register*, which was accustomed to print a few poems in each number, in its volume for 1796 gave Taylor's translation "from the *Monthly Magazine*," with this note:

The following translation (made some years since) of a celebrated piece, of which other versions have appeared, possesses so much peculiar and intrinsic merit that we have given it the preference in this selection.

This is largely a reprint of the note preceding the poem in the original place of publication, but the last clause is altered to show the opinion of the new editor.

Before the close of the year 1796 Taylor again printed his translation of *Lenore*, this time with considerable alterations, but still without his name. This second version bore the title: "Ellenore, a Ballad, originally written in German by G. A. Bürger. Norwich, March; London, Johnson."<sup>64</sup> It was perhaps the appearance of Scott's version in October that led Taylor to revise and print again. At least Scott had sent a copy of his *William and Helen* to Taylor, with a letter dated Nov. 25, and the latter seems not to have printed before December. This second version of Taylor differs from the first in three significant changes, in minor verbal alterations, and in giving up a large part of the archaic spelling. The more significant changes are the omission of stanza six of the first version, and considerable alterations of stanzas thirty-four and forty-six.<sup>65</sup>

<sup>63</sup> In the light of this note it is difficult to explain Southey's language about Lewis having "hampered himself with a very inferior" translation of *Lenore*. There is a bare possibility that Southey had received Taylor's second version late in 1796, or early in 1797, and with this in mind thought Taylor's first version, which Lewis had, but the authorship of which he did not know, was by another. At least this would fit in with Southey's letter to Bedford (see p. 33), greatly underrating Taylor's translation when it first appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*.

On the other hand, Southey may have referred to Scott's version since, as we shall see later, Lewis knew of Scott's work and apparently thought of using it.

<sup>64</sup> See *Monthly Review*, Feb., 1797 (N. S. XXIII, 34). This review mentions only Johnson of London as the publisher, but the *Monthly Mirror* (II, 480), as noted by Mr. Colwell in *Mod. Lang. Notes* XXIV, 254, gives Norwich as well as London, after a common habit of provincial publishers who arranged to sell their books in London. This, as Mr. Colwell also points out, sets right the errors of Brandl and Greg regarding this issue. The *Monthly Review* shows that the poem was issued in quarto and folio forms at two and five shillings respectively. No copy of this edition is in the British Museum, and perhaps none exists.

<sup>65</sup> Stanza six of the first version, omitted entirely in the second, reads:

She askte of all the passing traine  
For him she wisht to see:  
But none of all the passing traine  
Could tell if lived hee.

Stanza forty-six of the first version, forty-five of the second was entirely recast. It first read:

They heede his calle and husht the sowne;  
The biere was seen no more;  
And followe him ore feeld and flood  
Yet faster than before.

The change to which Taylor himself called special attention in his preface was that in the thirty-fourth stanza of the first version, the thirty-third of the second. Here, as he says, he made a change suggested by a line in Spencer's version. The last couplet of Taylor's first form read:

'Tis narrow, silent, chilly, dark,  
Far hence I rest my head.

Spencer had rendered these lines:

Low lies the bed, still, cold, and small  
Six dark boards, and one milk-white sheet.

The last line is closer to the original than Taylor's earlier version, and it suggested an advantageous change. With the other changes made necessary by this adoption the whole stanza was altered into:

"And where is then thy house and home,  
And bridal bed so meet?"

"'Tis narrow, silent, chilly, low,  
Six planks, one shrouding sheet."<sup>66</sup>

Finally, Taylor's second version bore an altered title, as shown above. This the translator explains as follows in a note, when reprinting in the *Historic Survey* (II, 40): "The German title is Lenore, which is the vernacular form of Eleonora, a name here represented by Ellenore." This change was perhaps less fortunate than most of the others made in the second form of the translation.

Taylor's second version came out so near the end of the year 1796, that it was not noticed until the February number of the *Monthly Review*. Then, however, it was given high praise in the following terms:

This is the translation to which we some time ago alluded, as being the earliest, in point of time, of the various English versions of this fashionable ballad. We are persuaded, also, that it will be by no means deemed inferior to the rest in point of poetical merit, and on some accounts a more decided praise will be assigned to it. It is written in that *ballad form* which we ventured to suggest as the most suitable to the subject, and to the manner in which the original writer has treated it. . . . How far the imitation of the old English diction and spelling was an improvement might reasonably be doubted, if the author had not taken the liberty of transferring the scene from Germany to England, and the time, from the late wars to the period of Richard's crusade to the Holy Land:—an alteration that certainly improves the romantic character of the tale, and removes (as uncle Toby says) out of harm's way the supernatural machinery.<sup>67</sup>

<sup>66</sup> Taylor's appreciation of this part of Spencer's version is shown by his comment in a letter to Scott Dec. 14, 1796 (Lockhart's *Life*, ch. VIII): "The ghost nowhere makes his appearance so well as with you, or his exit so well as with Mr. Spencer."

<sup>67</sup> As already mentioned (see footnote to p. 29), this review is attributed to Taylor himself in Robberds, *Life*. If so he perhaps added as a blind the following criticism: "*Ding-dong* and *hurry-skurry* are phrases we should not have admitted; and *sark* (for a shirt or shift) is better known on the other side of the Tweed than in England; though probably first brought into the island by our Saxon ancestors."—*Monthly Review*, N. S., XXII, 186.

The *Critical Review* was no less strong in its commendation:

The version now under consideration, though it appeared last, was probably written before any of the others, since it had long circulated in manuscript, and was noticed in a volume of poems published by Dr. Aikin in 1791. It was at length given in the *Monthly Magazine* for March last [really March 1796], and appears now with some alterations from that copy. In one instance, p. 7, the author says, 'He has availed himself of the highly finished translation of Mr. Spencer, which bears' (he adds) 'the same relation to the original as Pope's Homer to the Iliad.'

The peculiar merit of this translation is, that it renders the ideas of Bürger, without any diminution of their strength, in a style so idiomatic as to have the force and beauty, and the very air of our original. . . . If the translation before us had been published when it was written, no reader of taste would have wished for a second attempt. We can but express our earnest wishes that the translator of *Iphigenia* and Bürger's *Ellenore* would oblige the public with more specimens of his uncommon powers of versification."<sup>68</sup>

In his reprint of his second version in the *Historic Survey*, Taylor adds some significant notes. He thus explains his alteration of the historical setting in the second stanza:

In the original the emperor and empress have made peace, which places the scene in southern Germany; and the army is returning home triumphant. By shifting the same to England, and making William a soldier of Richard Lionheart, it became necessary that the ghost of Ellenore, whom Death in the form of her lover conveys to William's grave, should cross the sea. Hence the splash! splash! of the xxxix and other stanzas, of which there is no trace in the original; of the tramp! tramp! there is. I could not prevail on myself to efface these words, which have been gotten by heart, and which are quoted even in *Don Juan*.<sup>69</sup> But I am aware that the translation is in some respects too free for a history of poetry; and it is too trailing (schleppend) said one of my German correspondents, for the rapid character of the prototype.<sup>70</sup>

On the twenty-third stanza he adds this comparative note:

Here begins a marked resemblance to an obscure English ballad called the Suffolk miracle, which it may be curious to exhibit in

<sup>68</sup> *Critical Review*, N. S., XX, 455 (July, 1797).

<sup>69</sup> *Don Juan*, canto X, st. lxxi. The "quotation" is not very close or very flattering:

On with the horses! Off to Canterbury!  
Tramp, tramp o'er pebble, and splash, splash through puddle;  
Hurrah! how swiftly speeds the post so merry!

<sup>70</sup> The German correspondent was A. M. Benzler, already mentioned on p. 27; and see footnote there.

comparison. A Collection of Old Ballads, corrected from the best and most ancient copies extant (the third edition), London, 1727, published by J. Roberts, Warrick-lane; 287 pages—is quoted more than once in Percy's *Reliques*. It contains 44 poems: among them occurs, p. 226, the following tale, which, it is thought, bears a considerable resemblance to Lenore, and must have suggested the first hint of the fable.

He then gives the whole, as it may be found with two or three slight variations in Child's *Ballads*, volume nine.

Apart from these more important notes he explains *bride* in the fifth stanza as following the German use for a betrothed woman, and "twirled at the pin" of stanza twenty-four as from Percy's *Ballads*, not Bürger. He adds that he could not render Bürger's phrase satisfactorily.

#### IV. THE VERSION OF PYE.

The publication of Stanley's *Leonora* not only resulted in the speedy issue of William Taylor's first version of the poem, but also in a new translation by Henry James Pye, the poet laureate. That Mr. Stanley's first version was primarily in Pye's mind is clear from the first paragraph of the *Advertisement* which preceded it:

This attempt would not have appeared, to anticipate a promised translation of the same Tale by the pen of a young poet of illustrious birth, with ornaments by the pencil of elegance and beauty, had there not been one already published. Between that publication and this there can be no competition, as that is a free paraphrase, and this a translation line by line, and as near the original as the restraints of versification, and the idiom and genius of the different languages would admit. A closer version would, in some places, have been ridiculous, and in others profane.

The reference to the "free paraphrase" "already published" must be to Stanley's version, and to his use of "freely translated" on his title-page. The allusion to "a promised translation of the same tale by the pen of a young poet of illustrious birth" is as clearly to the version of Mr. Spencer, thus indicated as already announced. Besides, the purpose to make a more literal translation than the "free paraphrase," "a translation line by line," would indicate that Pye was primarily influenced by Stanley's effort. Was that alone responsible for Pye's poem?

It would seem so but for a statement in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which must be examined. In the article on William

Taylor it says that Pye's translation was made as early as 1782. This is based upon a reference by Herzfeld,<sup>71</sup> from the *Tableau de l'Allemagne et de la littérature allemande*, par un Anglois à Berlin pour ses amis à Londres (1782). In this the writer says of Bürger's ballad: J'en connois une traduction anglaise que le traducteur a communiqué à quelques-uns de ses amis; mais le ridicule que ceux-ci ont jetté sur ce poème l'a empêché de la faire paraître." Such a statement is proof enough that some English translation of *Lenore* was in existence as early as 1782, but surely not necessarily that it was Pye's. Indeed, to jump from this slight allusion to Pye, rather than to any of the other known translators, seems wholly unwarranted. The case must be regarded as distinctly unproved.

Of course it still remains a possibility that Pye's translation may have been intended by the allusion in the *Tableau de l'Allemagne*, although we have no knowledge of Pye's having been in Berlin, or of how the Englishman then residing there knew of Pye's version. In fact so little is known of Pye's life, except on its public side during his membership in parliament, that even a conjecture is hazardous. It is true that in 1775 Pye began his career as a verse writer by making verse translations, though so far as we know of the classics only. It is possible that, in this translation period, he may have turned to German, since his version of *Lenore* shows his later knowledge of that language. Yet, on the other hand, it seems more likely that, knowing German as he did and noting Mr. Stanley's emphasis upon his "freely translated" of the title-page, Pye set himself at once to prepare a closer rendering of the original. At least any question of an earlier date for Pye's poem must still be regarded as in the highest degree uncertain.<sup>72</sup>

<sup>71</sup> William Taylor von Norwich, p. 21-22. This reference is not given in the article cited, but I have it from the writer of the article, the Rev. Alexander Gordon himself.

<sup>72</sup> If I were to hazard another conjecture regarding the translator of the *Tableau*, it would be that it may have been the Rev. Benj. Beresford, who did print another translation of *Lenore* in a *Collection of German Ballads and Songs*, Berlin 1799, by the translator of the German Erato (misprinted Grotto) in Watt's *Bibliotheca Britannica*. Whether he was in Berlin so early or not, Beresford is said by Watt to have been "formerly lecturer to the late Queen of Prussia," and he had published, as early as 1782, *A Narrative . . . of Mr. B's marriage to Miss Hamilton*. He was thus old enough to have begun his translations in 1782.

Frequent errors have been made regarding this translation of *Lenore* and its author. Brandl gives merely "Leonora übersetzt von Rev. Beresford (der lang in Berlin gewohnt) um 1800 in einer Sammlung deutscher Melodien, abgedruckt in der Specimens of German Lyric Poetry 1821." Greg (*Mod. Quar. of Lang. and Lit.* II, 13 f.) says "translated by the Rev. J. Beresford," and Professor H. A. Beers (*Hist. of Engl. Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century* p. 392) makes the more deliberate statement: "A sixth translation, by the Rev. James Beresford, who had lived some time in Berlin, came out in 1800; and Schlegel and Brandl unite in pronouncing this the most faithful, if not the best, English version of the ballad." A Rev. Jas. Beresford did publish some works (see *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*) but he did not translate this version of *Lenore*.

The question might also come why Pye did not mention Taylor's translation in his preface. Indeed Mr. W. W. Greg has expressed the opinion that the "free paraphrase" was Taylor's.<sup>73</sup> But there is little on which to base this suggestion. The *Monthly Magazine* in which Taylor's version appeared could not have been printed before Pye wrote his advertisement, and probably not before his book was issued. The reference to the latter as among the new publications in the *Monthly Magazine* for April, is clear evidence that Pye could not have printed much, if any before April first. As already shown the *Monthly Magazine* was printed at the close of the month, not at the beginning, as with magazines today. The evidence all indicates that Pye's and Taylor's versions were printed almost, if not quite simultaneously, and that Pye could have referred only to Stanley's *Leonora* in his preface.

It must be accepted, then, that Pye's publication, and probably the composition of his poem were the result of Stanley's issue of his first version. Although the advertisement is not dated, too, Pye's translation could hardly have appeared much before April first, and it seems more reasonable to believe that the exact date of issue. The title-page reads as follows:

Lenore/A/Tale/From the German of/Gottfried Augustus Burger/By/Henry James Pye/οἱ δὲ μὴ τὸ φοβερόν . . . ἀλλὰ τὸ τερατώδες μόνον παρασκευάζοντες οὐδὲν τραγῳδίᾳ κοινωνοῦσιν /London/Printed for the author/And sold by Samson Low, No. 7, Berwick Street, Soho./ 1796.

Apart from the first paragraph, already quoted, Pye's advertisement has little except an explanation of the Greek motto of the title-page, and the pronunciation of the German name Lenore, the final *e* of which, he is careful to say, must be pronounced.

Of the Greek motto placed on his title-page Pye says in his preface:

The motto prefixed deviates from the usual partiality of translators. This little poem, from the singularity of the incidents, and the wild horror of the images, is certainly an object of curiosity, but it is by no means held up as a pattern for imitation.

He thus condemns the poem which he had translated, and which was already making some noise in England, by these words of

<sup>73</sup> *Modern Quarterly of Language and Literature* II, 13f. Brandl had even suggested that the reference was to Scott's version, but to this Mr. Greg demurs in the article above. Scott's translation was not in existence when Pye probably wrote his advertisement, and at any rate he could not possibly have seen it before his own version was published. See the later discussion of Scott and his translation.

Aristotle: "But those [poets] who produce not the terrible, but the marvelous only, have nothing in common with tragedy."<sup>74</sup> Perhaps this is the best evidence of how far Pye missed the romantic spirit which actuated Bürger in writing the ballad, and which appealed so strongly to the rising romanticism of such men as Scott and Coleridge, as of William Taylor among the other translators.

Pye's literalness in translation, so much emphasized in his advertisement, did not save his version from the mediocrity characterizing all his work. As we have seen the *Critical Review* did not place his effort above Stanley's even in exactness.<sup>75</sup> The *Monthly Mirror* and the *Monthly Review* both give precedence to Stanley's translation.<sup>76</sup> The only really favorable comment on Pye's poem, so far as I have found, is in the obituary of the laureate in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of Sept., 1813. Yet the value of the notice is rendered nugatory by the absurd criticism of Bürger. I give it as a curiosity:

Of the several translations of this Tale which have appeared, Mr. Pye's is esteemed the best; but neither English morals nor English taste are likely to be benefitted by the translations of such poems as 'Lenore.'<sup>77</sup>

Indeed, Pye's translation of Bürger may be dismissed at once as the least important of those appearing in this prolific year.

#### V. THE LEONORA OF W. R. SPENCER.

The fourth translator of Bürger's *Lenore* in 1796 has already been mentioned in connection with Mr. Stanley. The translation to be published next after Pye's, and Taylor's first version in the *Monthly Magazine*, was that of Mr. W. R. Spencer. The circumstances of its inception have also been made clear from the letter of Maria Josepha Holroyd, quoted on page 11. As already noted, also, Mr. Stanley's lending of his translation to Lady Diana Beauclerk probably occurred in the latter part of 1795, and this sufficiently dates the beginning of Mr. Spencer's undertaking.<sup>78</sup>

The nephew of Lady Diana, who was to "improve" Stanley's

<sup>74</sup> In his *Theory of Poetry and Fine Art*, Butcher translates, or partly paraphrases the passage: "Those who . . . create a sense not of the terrible but only of the monstrous, are strangers to the purpose of Tragedy."

<sup>75</sup> See quotation on p. 21.

<sup>76</sup> See quotations on p. 22.

<sup>77</sup> *Gentleman's Magazine*, N. S. LXXXIII, 293.

<sup>78</sup> See p. 15, and footnote.

translation for her designs, was William Robert Spencer, son of Charles Spencer, second son of the third Duke of Marlborough. Educated at Harrow and Oxford he lived without taking part in public life, or distinguishing himself in any way except as a social favorite. As such he was the friend of statesmen like Pitt and Fox and Sheridan, as he was later to be the friend of Byron and Moore and the London representatives of the new literature. Beginning with his translation of Bürger, too, he was to be something of a minor poet, as well as a wit and popular member of society. His "occasional verse" was to be warmly praised by Scott, Byron, and Christopher North. Hogg, quoted by Christopher North in *Blackwood's*, said of his *Beth Gelert or the Grave of a Greyhound*: "That chiel's a poet; those verses hae muckle o the auld ballart pathos and simplicity."<sup>79</sup>

It was this Spencer who, about a decade later, lent Moore his pistols for the duel with Jeffrey.<sup>80</sup> Spencer's friendship with Byron was also intimate. Byron, Moore, and he were the only literary men admitted to Watier's Club, which was anything but literary. Yet long before this hobnobbing with the later generation of poets, Spencer had ceased to admire German romanticism, for in 1802 he burlesqued the German ghost literature in a play called *Urania*, which was performed at Drury Lane theatre. He published volumes of poems in 1804 and 1811, while a collected edition appeared in 1835, a year after his death.<sup>81</sup>

Lady Diana Beauclerk, who had become interested in Mr. Stanley's translation because it furnished subjects for her pencil, was the eldest daughter of Charles Spencer, third Duke of Marlborough,<sup>82</sup> and was thus Mr. W. R. Spencer's aunt. She married first

<sup>79</sup> *Noctes Ambrosianae, Blackwood's Magazine*, XXXIII, 487 (April 1827). The name of the poem is sometimes given *Bed Gellert*.

<sup>80</sup> Byron's *Letters and Journals*, ed. by Prothero, II, 61. "Little's leadless pistol" of Byron's *English Bards* was naturally felt to be a slander by Moore, who had bought enough powder and ball in Bond St. for twenty duels. His inexperience, however, was quite properly satirized, as he had only once before discharged a pistol and then nearly blew his thumb off.

<sup>81</sup> Byron said Spencer's verse, like his conversation, was "perfectly aristocratic," and he placed him with Moore, Campbell, and Rogers as a poet.

Lamb narrates an amusing incident. Talking at the India House with a young clerk who said he loved poetry, Lamb mentioned Spencer. "Poor fellow," said the clerk, and to Lamb's astonishment "Why," answered, "He has lost his wife." "Said I, 'Who are you talking of?' 'Why, Spencer,' said he; 'I've read the Monody he wrote on the occasion, and a very pretty thing it is.'" This led to the explanation that the clerk meant "the Honorable William Spencer who has translated some things from the German very prettily, which are published with Lady Di. Beauclerk's Designs."—Lamb in letter to Wordsworth, Feb. 1, 1806, *Works*, ed. by Lucas, VI, 234.

<sup>82</sup> Not the second Duke, as the *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* and Hill's *Boswell* have it. The mistake is a natural one, since there was no second duke. After the death of the first duchess, who retained the title in her own right until 1744, the title passed to the father of Lady Diana, who had married a daughter of the first duke.

Frederick St. John, second Viscount Bolingbroke, from whom she was divorced by act of parliament in 1768. Two days later she was married to Topham Beauclerk, "the hero of the piece," as Walpole calls him,<sup>83</sup> the friend of Johnson, and as such known to fame. Besides the drawings for Spencer's *Leonora* she made seven large designs for Horace Walpole's *Mysterious Mother*, and others for Spencer's edition of the *Fables of Dryden* (1797). She was an interesting as well as beautiful woman, though Johnson pronounced a very severe judgment upon her at her second marriage.<sup>84</sup>

The *Leonora* of Spencer bore the following title-page:

Leonora/Translated from/the German/of/Gottfried Augustus  
Bürgher/by/W. R. Spencer, Esq./with/Designs/by/the Right  
Honourable/ Lady Diana Beauclerc/London/Printed by T. Bens-  
ley/For J. Edwards, and E. and S. Harding, Pall Mall/1796.

Spencer's edition also included the German of Bürger, printed on pages opposite those of the English version, as was also done later in the collected edition of Spencer's *Poems*. Like Pye he seems to have striven to make the impression of a closer translation than that of Stanley. According to Mrs. Erskine, Mr. Spencer's wife, the beautiful Countess Spreti, had posed for Lady Diana's *Leonora*.<sup>85</sup>

There is no reference in Spencer's *Preface* to the occasion of his translating Bürger, or Burgher as he regularly spells the name, nor to the previous version of Mr. Stanley, unless perhaps in a single sentence which may convey a slight:

To this merit [simplicity] Mr. Burgher has an undoubted claim, a claim our countrymen would be the first to allow, could they enjoy his expressions in their original purity, or his ideas in a faithful translation.

The allusion to Pye's version of *Lenore* is more direct, although Spencer's words "long entered the field" are probably not to be taken too seriously:

Between the completion of this poem and its publication, which has been unavoidably delayed, as much time was required by the artists to do justice to those exquisite designs which are its brightest

<sup>83</sup> *Letters*, ed. by Cunningham, V, 74.

<sup>84</sup> Boswell's *Life* (Hill) II, 282. Boswell much admired Lady Diana's witty conversation. From her he won a wager that he dared not ask Johnson what he did with the Seville oranges when he put them in his pocket after squeezing out the juice; see Hill's *Boswell* II, 330. With Horace Walpole she was also a favorite, and references to her appear in every volume of his *Letters*.

It will be seen that Lady Diana really belonged to the preceding generation. She was sixty-two when she made the designs for Spencer's *Leonora*.

<sup>85</sup> *Lady Diana Beauclerk and her Work* by Mrs. Steuart Erskine, p. 220. The Countess Spreti was the daughter of Count Jenison-Walworth, chamberlain to the elector palatine, and she is said to have married Mr. Spencer under unusually romantic circumstances.

ornament; an elegant version of the same ballad has been published by Mr. Pye. Had the author of this translation foreseen the intentions of the Laureat, he would not probably have risked a contest with such a distinguished competitor; but, as he had long entered the field before Mr. Pye appeared as his adversary, he will not now shrink from a combat where doubtful victory must ensure applause, and even complete failure allow the consolation of "*Æneae magni dextra cadet.*"

In addition, Mr. Spencer's *Preface* gives a somewhat accurate estimate of Bürger and his poem. He speaks of him as "universally esteemed wherever the German language prevails as a national idiom, or is cultivated as a branch of education." He mentions "simplicity" as "the characteristic of his composition." Especially does he call supernaturalism the most important element of his power, and recognizes its relation to the new romanticism in England, as it had shown itself in fiction. Thus he writes:

One of the most powerful causes of Mr. Burgher's literary popularity is the deep tinge of superstition that shades all his compositions. Supernatural incidents are the darling subjects of his countrymen. Their minds vigorously conceive, and their language nobly expresses the terrible and majestic: and it must be allowed, that in this species of writing they would force from our nation the palm of excellence, were it not secured by the impregnable towers of Otranto.

Finally Mr. Spencer sums up the excellences of the particular poem he was presenting to his English readers. It will be noticed, too, that he emphasizes, much as Mr. Stanley had done, the moral of the piece. In this he seems as peculiarly English as his predecessor:

Of all their productions of this kind, Leonora is perhaps the most perfect. The story in a narrow compass unites tragic event, poetical surprise, and epic regularity. The admonitions of the Mother are just, although ill-timed. The despair of the Daughter at once natural and criminal; her punishment dreadful, but equitable. Few objections can be made to a subject new, simple, and striking; and none to a moral which cannot be too frequently or too awfully enforced.

Spencer's translation, which appeared on the first of July,

1796,<sup>86</sup> was well received, especially as compared with Pye's. The *Critical Review* of July, 1796, says:

Turning to the translation itself [as distinct from the designs] we find it faithful and spirited. In the latter part particularly, we think Mr. Spencer has clearly the advantage over his two competitors. Our readers will judge from the following extract—[gives last four stanzas, of which the last is]

The fiend horse snorts; blue fiery flakes  
Collected roll his nostrils round;  
High reared his bristling mane he shakes,  
And sinks beneath the rending ground.  
Demons the thundering clouds bestride,  
Ghosts yell the yawning tombs beneath:  
Leonora's heart, its life-blood dried,  
Hangs quiv'ring on the dart of death!"

Outside the Reviews we have some evidence that Mr. Spencer's version was especially appreciated by those likely to be influenced by his connection with a noble house. Attention has already been called to the admiration of Miss Seward when she received a copy from Lord Bagot. She says at the beginning of her letter to Miss Wingfield, July 19, 1796:

And now I must proudly boast to you of Lord Bagot's goodness. He has honoured me with an obliging billet, accompanied by a very acceptable literary present. It is a superb book,—A German poem entitled *Leonora* and translated by Mr. Spencer. I apprehend the fine poetic talents of that gentleman have done much more than justice to the sublimity of his author's ideas. This tale of despairing love, reaches the ne-plus-ultra of horrific greatness.<sup>88</sup>

She then follows with the quotation regarding Taylor's translation already given on p. 31.

<sup>86</sup> It has not been noticed that each of the plates in the book bears a date of publication. In all but one the statement is Publish'd June 1, 1796, by E. & S. Harding, Pall Mall; in one of the tail-pieces, Published by E. & S. Harding, Pall Mall, July 1, 1796. The latter date is doubtless correct, as even this would be in time for the July Reviews.

There are four full-page plates besides the frontispiece, and head and tail pieces for both the German and English versions of the poems. The frontispiece, etched by Bartolozzi from Lady Diana's drawing, shows the sarcophagus of Leonora on which a winged child places a wreath as he turns away in mourning. On the other side another winged child holds a garland of flowers, as he gazes at the great pall, supported by two skeletons, on which is written Leonora's name. Above is another winged child bearing a lacerated heart toward heaven. The other full-page plates, three of them engraved by Harding, one by A. Birrell, represent 1) Wilhelm on horseback with Leonora ready to mount; 2) the meeting of the "funeral train"; 3) the "spectres of the guilty dead" following at William's bidding; 4) Wilhelm a skeleton, aiming the "dart of death" at the swooning Leonora, with ghostly figures to right and left, and the open grave.

The head and tail-pieces are all engraved by Bartolozzi. The left head-piece represents two naked children decorating a helm and corselet which they have placed upon the stump of a tree. In the distance are a city, no doubt Prague, and companies of soldiers parading on the plain, or perhaps being led against the city. The right head-piece is the seated figure of a female child plaiting a wreath, a village in the distance. The tail-piece represents winged child figures in mourning, the one at the left beside Wilhelm's tomb, the one at the right beside Leonora's.

<sup>87</sup> *Critical Review* XVII, 307.

<sup>88</sup> *Letters of Anna Seward*, IV, 314.

More important is the description of her numerous readings during the year, in which Spencer's translation plays the important part. She writes to Miss Arden Dec. 17:

You ask if I have seen Spencer's Leonora, with engravings by Lady D. Beauclerk? Lord Bagot sent me that charming work, so beyond all comparison superior to all the other translations. I have not read aloud less than fifty times this violent story, adorned by the pencil of kindred genius. . . . One party after another petitioned to hear it, till there was scarce a morning in which a knot of eight or ten did not flock to my apartments, to be poetically frightened: Mr. Erskine, Mr. Wilberforce—everything that was everything, and everything that was nothing, flocked to Leonora; and here, since my return, the fame of this business having travelled from Buxton hither, the same curiosity has prevailed. Its horrible graces grapple minds and tastes of every complexion. Creatures that love not verses for their beauty, like these for their horrors.<sup>89</sup> Thus, at least in certain quarters, did the sedate and serious English mind respond to the new romanticism.

Mr. Spencer's translation of Bürger was to receive one further flattering notice from an eminent woman. In her *De l'Allemagne*, when published a second time in 1813,<sup>90</sup> Madame de Staël, in discussing Bürger in chapter xiii of the second part, says:

Il y a quatre traductions de la romance de Lénore en anglais, mais la première de toutes, sans comparaison, c'est celle de M. Spencer, le poëte anglois qui connoît le mieux le véritable esprit des langues étrangères. L' analogie de l' anglois avec l' allemand permet d' y faire sentir en entier l' originalité du style et de la versification of Bürger; et non-seulement on peut retrouver dans la traduction les mêmes idées que dans l' original, mais aussi les mêmes sensations; et rien n' est plus nécessaire pour connoître un ouvrage des beaux-arts. Il seroit difficile d' obtenir le même résultat en françois, où rien de bérarre n' est naturel

As this passage is not one marked for suppression by the Paris police when her first edition was allowed to go to press, Madame de Staël must have met Mr. Spencer's translation before her visit to London in the spring and summer of 1813, when she was so much feted by the society of the English capital. But Mr. Spencer was already somewhat known in French literary circles, for Delille makes allusion to him in his poem *Les Jardins*. In describing the

<sup>89</sup> *Letters*, IV, 283.

<sup>90</sup> The first, or Paris issue of 10,000 copies, had been suppressed by Napoleon in 1810, who had also banished its author from France. Part of the following quotation is given by Erik Schmidt in *Characteristiken*, I, 244.

seat of the Spencers, Blenheim, he compliments the English poet in the lines,

Spencer! l' honneur du moderne Elysee!  
Marlbrough en est l' Achilles; et Spencer le musee!<sup>91</sup>

This reference is in the flattering biography of Spencer which appeared with his collected *Poems* in 1835, a year after his death. That biographer, Miss Louisa F. Poulter has this to say of his *Leonora*:

This translation had remarkable success among the best judges. Sir Walter Scott thought very highly of it, and it has generally been considered as by far the best that has been made of this celebrated poem. I know of one person, who had finished a translation of *Leonora* which he was on the point of publishing; but Mr. Spencer's having accidentally been put into his hands, after reading it he threw his own into the fire, saying it would be ridiculous to attempt doing what had been already accomplished so perfectly.

Who the budding author was, who thus ruthlessly destroyed another version of Bürger's much translated poem, we shall probably never know.

## VI. SCOTT'S VERSION AND ITS HISTORY.

The fifth translator to publish an English version of Bürger's *Lenore* in 1796 is the best known of all, Sir Walter Scott as he became long after this youthful effort. His edition, too, called *William and Helen*, is still the most commonly read, as it has been the most readily accessible. The general circumstances of writing this version have also been frequently told, thrice by Scott himself,<sup>92</sup> once by Lockhart in his *Life of Scott*,<sup>93</sup> once by Capt. Basil Hall in his *Schloss Hainfeld*,<sup>94</sup> and often by others since these earlier attempts. The only excuse for another relation of the story is that the sources of information have not been critically examined, the various accounts differing considerably in detail, and sometimes conflicting. Besides, something may now be added on the origin of the influence of Bürger upon Scott.

We may best begin with Scott's own statement, given in the prefatory note to his translation:

<sup>91</sup> *Les Jardins* was published in 1782, and often thereafter.

<sup>92</sup> Prefatory note to edition of *The Chase and William and Helen*; Letter to William Taylor, Nov. 25, 1796; *Essay on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad in Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

<sup>93</sup> Chapters VII-VIII; Pollard's Edition I, 160-248.

<sup>94</sup> Page 330 f.

The first two lines of the forty-seventh stanza, descriptive of the speed of the lovers, may perhaps bring to the recollection of many a passage extremely similar in a translation of "Leonora" which first appeared in the "Monthly Magazine." In justice to himself, the translator thinks it his duty to acknowledge that his curiosity was first attracted to this truly romantic story by a gentleman, who having heard "Leonora" once read in manuscript, could only recollect the general outlines and a part of a couplet which, from the singularity of its structure and frequent occurrence, had remained impressed upon his memory. If, from despair of rendering the passage so happily, the property of another has been invaded, the translator makes the only atonement now in his power by restoring it thus publicly to the rightful owner.

This statement may be supplemented by a part of Scott's letter to William Taylor, Nov. 25, 1796, in sending a copy of *William and Helen*. After apologizing for his "plagiary," he continues:

My friend Mr. Cranstoun, brother-in-law to Professor Stuart, who heard your translation read by a lady in manuscript, is the gentleman alluded to in the preface to my Ballads, to whose recollection I am indebted for the lines which I took the liberty to borrow, as a happy assistance in my own attempt. As I had not at that time seen your translation, I hope the circumstance will prove some apology for my bold attempt to bend the bow of Ulysses.<sup>95</sup>

The "lady in manuscript" of Scott's oddly arranged sentence he himself named in a later letter to Taylor. When the latter published his *Historic Survey of German Poetry*, in commenting on Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, he referred to the English version as one "admirably translated . . . in 1799 at Edinburgh by William Scott, advocate; no doubt the same person who, under the poetical but assumed name of Walter, has since become the most extensively popular of the British writers." Scott was naturally not pleased with this reference, and dictated a letter to Taylor, dated Abbotsford, Apr. 23, 1831.<sup>96</sup> After explaining that he had never used an assumed name, he writes:

I must not forget, Sir, that I am addressing a person to whom I owe a literary favour of some consequence. I think it is from you, and by your obliging permission, that I borrowed, with my acknowledgment, the lines in your translation of Lenore,

Tramp, tramp along the land,  
Splash, splash across the sea,

<sup>95</sup> Robberds, *Life of Taylor*, I. 94. The Mr. Cranstoun was George Cranstoun, afterwards Lord Corehouse. The Professor Stuart is the well-known Professor Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh.

<sup>96</sup> In Robberds, *Life of Taylor* (II, 533) it is given 1832, but that must be a mistake, as Scott was at that time on his Mediterranean cruise. Taylor's last volume appeared in 1830.

which a friend had caught up from a spirited version recited at Edinburgh, at the celebrated Dugald Stewart's, by Mrs. Letitia Barbauld. Assure yourself, Sir, my recollection of the obligation is infinitely stronger than that of the mistake; and if you have preserved, which I have little reason to expect, the letters I wrote at so early a period, you will find that they are subscribed by my baptismal name, Sir, Your most humble servant, Walter Scott.<sup>97</sup>

The last link in the story of the making and publication of Scott's Bürger translation is found in Capt. Basil Hall's *Schloss Hainfeld*. In this romantic work occurs an account of a visit to the Countess Purgstall, the Jane Cranstoun of Scott's young manhood and a most helpful friend. The Countess related the following incident:

About the year 1793 Bürger's extraordinary poem of Leonora found its way to Scotland, and it happened that a translation of it was read at Dugald Stewart's, I think by Mrs. Barbauld. Miss Cranstoun described this strange work to her friend [Scott]; the young poet, whose imagination was set on fire by the strange crowd of wild images and novel situations in this singular production, never rested till, by the help of grammar and dictionary, he contrived to study it in the original; and she, as usual, encouraged him to persevere: and at the end of a few weeks' application to the German language, he had made out the sense, and had himself written a poetical translation of the poem.

One morning at half-past six, Miss Cranstoun was roused by her maid who said Mr. Scott was in the dining-room, and wished to speak to her immediately. She dressed in a great hurry and hastened down stairs, wondering what he could have to say to her at that early hour. He met her at the door, and holding up his manuscript eagerly begged her to listen to his poem! Of course she gave it all attention, and having duly praised it sent him away quite happy, after begging permission to retain the poem for a day or two, in order to look it over more carefully. He said she might keep it till he returned from the country, where he was about to proceed on a visit to the house where the lady to whom he was attached was residing.

His friendly critic was duly aware of this intended visit, and an idea having suggested itself to her during his animated perusal of the poem, she lost no time in putting it into execution. As soon as he was gone she sent for their commop friend, Mr. William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinnedder, and confided her scheme to him, of

<sup>97</sup> Taylor at once explained that the English *Goetz* was actually ascribed to William Scott, advocate, on the title-page, while *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* bore Walter Scott's name. He naturally thought the first the baptismal name, but disclaimed any reflection on the use of a pseudonym. Scott replied that the printing of the *Goetz* had been arranged by "Monk" Lewis, and that he did not know his own name was given incorrectly. This mistake on the title-page is confirmed by a copy mentioned in *Notes and Queries* Fifth Ser., XII, 81.

which he fully approved. The confederates then sallied forth to put their plan in train, and having repaired to Mr. Robert Miller the bookseller, they soon arranged with him to print a few copies of the new translation of "Leonore," one of which was to be thrown off on the finest paper, and bound in the most elegant style.<sup>98</sup>

The countess goes on to say that, to further Scott's suit, she and William Erskine, after arranging for the printing, sent a copy, beautifully bound, to Scott himself who was thus able to read it to the lady whom he hoped to make his wife. Of that somewhat later. Here we may turn to a final account of these incidents, given by Scott himself in his *Essay on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad*. In this, written in 1830, after reciting the circumstances of Mrs. Barbauld's reading and its reaching him, he says:

A lady of noble German descent, whose friendship I have enjoyed for many years, found means . . . to procure me a copy of Bürger's works from Hamburg . . . . At length, when the book had been a few hours in my possession, I found myself giving an animated account of the poem to a friend, and rashly added a promise to furnish a copy in English ballad verse.

I well recollect that I began my task after supper and finished it about daybreak the next morning, by which time the ideas which the task had a tendency to summon up were rather of an uncomfortable character. As my object was much more to make a good translation of the poem for those whom I wished to please, than to acquire any poetical fame for myself, I retained in my translation the two lines which Mr. Taylor had rendered with equal boldness and felicity.<sup>99</sup>

In these accounts we have the significant details regarding Scott's translation of Bürger's *Lenore*. It remains to consider times and seasons, especially as mistakes have frequently been made respecting some of them.<sup>100</sup> It is unnecessary to account more fully for Mrs. Barbauld's knowledge of Taylor's translation, after what

<sup>98</sup> *Schloss Hainfeld*, p. 330. As we shall see the countess was in error regarding the date of Mrs. Barbauld's visit, and Scott says it was her brother, rather than herself, who told him of Mrs. Barbauld's reading.

<sup>99</sup> Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, ed. by Henderson, IV, 39. A brief account of the translation may be found in Scott's *Poetical Works*, ed. by Dennis, V. 91. This also was written by Scott about 1827.

<sup>100</sup> Scott himself says he made the translation "in 1795," a date which is given in the Cambridge edition of Scott's *Poems*, ed. by Rolfe. Mrs. Barbauld's visit to Edinburgh has been variously assigned to, 1793, as by Capt. Hall, the "summer of 1793 or 1794" by Scott himself in the *Essay on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad*, to 1796 by the *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*, article Mrs. Barbauld.

The assignment of his translation to the year 1795 is made by Scott in a prefatory note to a collected edition of his works probably of 1820. He says: "The author had resolved to omit the following version of a well-known poem in any collection which he might make of his poetical trifles. But the publishers having pleaded for its admission, the author has consented, though not unaware of the disadvantage at which this youthful essay (for it was written in 1795) must appear with those which have been executed by much more able hands, in particular that of Mr. Taylor of Norwich, and that of Mr. Spencer." I take the note from an American edition of 1833.

has been said of her teaching the young Taylor, his appreciation of her influence, and the intimate relations of Taylor and her brother, Dr. Aikin. Doubtless Taylor communicated his new German studies to her soon after they had begun. At any rate that Dr. Aikin knew of his version of the *Lenore* in 1791 is reasonable evidence that Mrs. Barbauld saw it about the same time. Her visit to Edinburgh is definitely dated from a letter of October 1794, to her friend Mrs. Beecroft. In this she speaks of her enjoyment of her visit to Scotland, and of being twice in Edinburgh.<sup>101</sup>

It was probably in August or early September, 1794, that Mrs. Barbauld read Taylor's translation at the evening assembly in the home of Dugald Stewart. Doubtless soon after, Cranstoun or his sister repeated what could be remembered of the lines to Scott. Yet the latter did not at once pursue the matter.<sup>102</sup> He had, it is true, some knowledge of German, for he had begun the study of that language in the winter of 1792-93 and continued it the next year.<sup>103</sup> Yet he did not obtain an edition of Bürger's poems until late in 1795 or early in 1796, for they were obtained for him by Lady Scott of Harden who was not married until the autumn of 1795. She was the daughter of Count Brühl, and took great interest in Scott's German studies after her acquaintance with him had begun.<sup>104</sup> It was, then, in the winter of 1795-96, or the early spring of the latter year that Scott was again carrying on his German reading.

In fact Scott has himself assigned a second exciting cause for his interest in ballad making, and this also must belong to the latter part of 1795. In the summer of that year "Monk" Lewis, as he

<sup>101</sup> Lucy Aikin's *Works of Anne Letitia Barbauld*, II, 74. Lockhart's *Life* (ch. VII, vol. I, 204) puts Mrs. Barbauld's visit in the same autumn, but doubtfully: "It must, I think, have been while he was indulging his vagabond vein, during the autumn of 1794, that Miss Aikin (afterwards Mrs. Barbauld) paid her visit to Edinburgh." Lockhart is curiously inaccurate in speaking of Miss Aikin, as she had been Mrs. Barbauld for twenty years. Lockhart's error has been long lived. It is indeed, corrected by the omission of the words "Miss Aikin, afterwards" though without comment, in the last beautiful edition of the *Life*, by A. W. Pollard, but it probably led Mrs. Stewart Erskine in her book, *Lady Diana Beauclerk and her Work*, to speak in this connection of "Mrs. Barbauld, or Miss Aitkin (*sic*) as she was then,"—p. 214. It also must have led Professor Beers, in his *English Romanticism*, to write: "In the autumn of 1794 Miss Aikin, afterwards Mrs. Barbauld, entertained a party at Dugald Stewart's, etc."—p. 391. To his correction of Scott's error regarding Mrs. Barbauld Mr. Pollard has added another, by altering the date 1794 to 1795, perhaps to square with a letter which immediately precedes. Earlier editions read 1794, and that this is the correct date I have shown by Mrs. Barbauld's *Letters* above.

<sup>102</sup> Lockhart says "some weeks"; *Life*, ch. VII, (Pollard) I, 204.

<sup>103</sup> Lockhart's *Life*, ch. VII, (I, 177). See also Scott's *Essay on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad*, p. 24, where the interest in German literature in Scotland is referred to a public address on the subject by Henry Mackenzie, author of the *Man of Feeling*, in April, 1788. Yet Scott admits that their interest waned when their teacher, instead of introducing them to Goethe and Schiller, prescribed Gessner's *Der Tod Abels*. It was in this year that Sayers gave up medicine for literature; see p. 26.

<sup>104</sup> Lockhart's *Life*, ch. VIII, (vol. I, 214).

soon came to be known, printed his *Ambrosio or The Monk*, and at once attained considerable fame. Scott mentions especially, however, the ballads "with which Mr. Lewis had interspersed his prose narrative."<sup>105</sup> Reading these had now revived a boyish interest in making verses, as he tells us in the following words:

"In short, . . . I had not for ten years indulged the wish to couple so much as *love* and *dove* when, finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation and conceiving that, if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style of poetry by which he had raised himself to fame."<sup>106</sup>

This passage is immediately followed by the account of the *Lenore* translation, the occasion for putting into action his new idea.

As to the incident which the Countess Purgstall related with such vividness to Captain Hall, it occurred; says Lockhart, with absolute definiteness, "in the beginning of April, 1796." This date, although at variance with what Scott himself says,<sup>107</sup> fits in with every other detail we know. Lockhart also confirms the Countess Purgstall by adding, "A few days afterwards, Scott went to pay a visit at a country house where he expected to meet 'the lady of his love'."<sup>108</sup> If the account by the Countess of printing Scott's *William and Helen* without his knowledge is to be trusted, and there seems no reason to doubt it, the first copies of the poem were struck off in the spring of 1796, perhaps before Mr. Spencer's edition had been issued. So far as I know no copy of this print is now in existence. It was clearly printed very privately, and probably only a few copies were made.<sup>109</sup>

<sup>105</sup> *Essay on Imitations*, etc., p. 33.

<sup>106</sup> *Essay on Imitations*, etc., p. 36. The *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* puts the first meeting of Lewis and Scott in 1798, and although Scott seems to imply an earlier date in the *Essay on Imitations*, the year 1798 is probably right.

<sup>107</sup> Prefatory note to edition of his works, see footnote to p. 49.

<sup>108</sup> Lockhart's *Life*, ch. VII, (I, 205).

<sup>109</sup> As is well known, this issue did not sufficiently further Scott's suit. The lady, Miss Stuart, married in January, 1797, William Forbes, son and heir of Sir William Forbes of Pittsigo, and before the end of December Scott had himself found a bride. See further in *Sir Walter Scott's First Love*.

Certain allusions in Scott's works have been connected with the incident of his early verses and his first love. The matter has been fully developed in the book mentioned in the preceding paragraph. Here we may note that Wilfred Wycliffe in *Rokeby* (1813) bears some resemblance to Scott, and stanza XXIV of canto I may be a reminiscence of the *William and Helen* being sent to him at Inverary when he was visiting Miss Stuart. Again in *Rob Roy* (1818) ch. XVI, Die Vernon, finding by chance some verses of Frank Osbaldistone, puts him to delightful confusion by "the sweetest sounds which mortal can drink in—those of a youthful poet's verses, namely, read by the lips which are dearest to him." The writer of the book above would also find suggestions of the lady in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and especially in the *Lady of the Green Mantle* in *Red Gauntlet* (1824). In the latter, Alan Fairford is supposed to be Scott himself.

There would seem to be added significance to the passage in *Rob Roy* because, at the beginning of the next chapter but one, Scott himself uses a stanza from his Bürger translation as a motto. On this and its accuracy, see a note by Walter Graham, in *Modern Language Notes*, XXX, 14.

The edition ordinarily known as Scott's first issue of his translation is one of the autumn of 1796. It then included a translation of Bürger's *Der Wilde Jäger*, under the title of *The Chase*, and the small quarto of 41 pages was called: *The Chase and William and Helen, two Ballads from the German of Gottfried Augustus Bürger*. The book was issued anonymously.<sup>110</sup> Later the title of the first poem was changed to *The Wild Huntsman*, a more direct rendering of Bürger's title. The latter poem, according to Lockhart, "appears to have been executed under Mrs. Scott's eye, during the month that preceded his first publication."<sup>111</sup> The month of publication was October, as we are also informed with great definiteness:

In that same October, 1796, he was "prevailed on," as he playfully expresses it, "by the request of friends, to indulge his own vanity by publishing the translation of Lenore with that of the Wild Huntsman, also from Bürger, in a thin quarto."<sup>112</sup>

Besides the single couplet which Scott acknowledged he took from Taylor's version, as it had been repeated to him by his friend, he disclaims any influence of other translations. Indeed he says, in his first letter to Taylor, Nov. 25, 1796:

As I had not at that time [when making his own version] seen your translation, I hope the circumstance will prove some apology for my bold attempt to bend the bow of Ulysses."

Yet the *Critical Review*, noticing his edition, makes the charge of further use of Taylor's translation:

The author has indeed availed himself of the translation first printed in the Monthly Magazine, from which he has confessedly borrowed, having heard it in manuscript, a stanza, and of which it is likewise evident he has availed himself, perhaps unconsciously, in many turns of expression, and in the general craft and moulding of the language.<sup>113</sup>

This charge, too, seems to have some reason when the two poems are examined. In the first place the stanza structure is the same in each, as it must have been if Scott was to use a couplet of Taylor's verse. To this simple ballad form Scott might have been led independently, since he was steeped in ballad poetry. Yet there

<sup>110</sup> The printing was by Manners and Miller of Edinburgh, and it was also sold by Cadell and Davies of London.

<sup>111</sup> Lockhart's *Life*, ch. VIII, (I, 215). The Mrs. Scott is of course Mrs. Scott of Harden.

<sup>112</sup> Lockhart's quotation (*Life*, ch. VIII, I, 213) is from Scott's *Essay on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad*, p. 40.

<sup>113</sup> *Critical Review*, Aug. 1797, N. S. XX, 422. See also *Monthly Review* quoted on p. 23.

can be no question of his adopting that measure, instead of some other form as Stanley, Spencer and Pye had done, because of Taylor's use of it. Again, Scott follows Taylor in changing the time of the action, and in much the same manner. Taylor had placed the event in the time of the first crusade under Richard Lion-heart of England. Scott follows the crusade idea, but makes the leader Frederick, presumably Barbarossa of the third crusade. Still further, Scott agrees exactly with Taylor's first version in the number of stanzas of his translation. Bürger had employed thirty-two stanzas of eight lines each. These would naturally have become sixty-four stanzas of four lines in English. Taylor expanded them into sixty-six, and Scott has exactly the same number. Perhaps this is mere coincidence, but it suggests imitation.

Apart from these and the acknowledged plagiarism, the similarities of expression are few. The first line of Scott's fourteenth and twentieth stanzas,

O mother, mother, what is bliss?

is the same as the corresponding line of Taylor's twentieth. So the first line of Scott's stanza twenty-three agrees but for one word with the same line of Taylor's twenty-third quatrain. Taylor has,

She bet her breaste, and wrung her hands,

while Scott's line is

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands.

In stanza twenty-eight the first line has "so late by night" in Scott, using the exact equivalents of Bürger however, while Taylor makes a little better English by translating "so late at night." The last line of stanza thirty-seven, repeated in stanzas forty-seven and fifty-three, is in Scott

The flashing pebbles flee.

In Taylor's stanza thirty-eight, repeated in forty-seven and fifty-three, this line reads,

The sparkling pebbles fly.

Yet even such verbal similarities may perhaps be accounted for by a close adherence to the German, and the influence upon both Taylor and Scott of the ballad literature.

The significant similarity, acknowledged by Scott as we have seen, is in the first couplet of his forty-ninth stanza, repeated in stanzas fifty-three and fifty-seven. Scott has,

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode  
 Splash! splash! along the sea.

Taylor's form of the couplet is,

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede,  
 Splash, splash, across the sea.

This he also uses three times, in his fortieth, forty-ninth, and fifty-fifth stanzas, as Bürger had used the original a similar number of times.

On the other hand, Scott's originality is shown in one or two special instances. Except for a reference to "a perjured lover's fleeting heart" in stanza nine, he omits the cruel intimation of Leonora's mother, which makes Taylor's fourteenth stanza as follows:

May be among the heathen folk  
 Thy William false doth prove,  
 And puts away his faith and troth,  
 And takes another love.

In stanza fifty, too, Scott adds effectively to the horror of the situation. Completing Bürger's allusion to the gibbet, Scott puts in the "murderer in his chain," and then adds a new stanza, calling on the felon to follow.

In the corresponding passage Taylor omits all reference to the gibbet, and even changes Bürger's "lustiges gesindel" to "an airy crew":

Look up, look up, an airy crewe  
 In roundel dances reele;  
 The moon is bryghte, and blue the nyghte,  
 Mayst dimlie see them wheele.  
 Come to, come to, ye gostlie crew,  
 Come to, and follow mee,  
 And daunce for us the wedding daunce  
 When we in bed shall be.

The alteration by Scott is so effective that it was quoted by the *Critical Review* in its notice, with the following somewhat misleading comment:

The following image of the corpse coming down from the gibbet and joining the procession, which will be considered by some as striking, by others as ludicrous, has been left out, we think, by the other translators:

"See there, see there! What yonder swings  
 And creaks 'mid whistling rain?"  
 "Gibbet and steel, th' accursed wheel;  
 A murderer in his chain.

"Hollo! thou felon, follow here:  
 To bridal bed we ride;  
 And thou shalt prance a fetter dance  
 Before me and my bride."

And hurry, hurry! clash, clash, clash!  
 The wasted form descends;  
 And fleet as wind through hazel-bush  
 The wild career attends.

The reviewer had evidently not compared Scott with Bürger, or he would have seen that the young Scotch advocate had merely extended an allusion of the original.<sup>114</sup>

In another respect Scott did not follow the practice of Taylor. That is in the use of archaic diction and spelling, both especially common in Taylor's first version, though considerably lessened in the second. If Scott did not see the Taylor version before publishing, his failure to use archaic diction and spelling would be easily understood.<sup>115</sup> The repetition of a few lines of the poem by his friend would give no indication of Taylor's method of suggesting antiquity in his poem. On the other hand, Scott may have intentionally rejected this artificiality.

Scott's version, again, shows the same use of internal rime as Taylor's. In each case it may be due to the few examples of Bürger's use of the same device. Yet Scott quite outdoes Taylor in the use of this form of rime. While there are in the latter's translation only a half-dozen examples, half of which are not quite perfect, Scott uses this device eighteen times, though five of these are not perfect rimes. As compared with this poem, he has not a single example in the *Wild Huntsman*.

Scott's earliest poem to appear in print is especially faulty in its rimes. Some of these, it is true, are correct enough as Scottisms, but as his poem is otherwise English this is no excuse. Thus *crusade* and *made* rime with *sped* and *shed*; *bed* rimes with *steed*, *made*, and *ride*, with the latter of which *dead* is also coupled, while *head* rimes with *hid*. The rimes *grace—bliss*, *bale—hell*, and *course—horse* are each twice repeated, the latter not unusual in British verse. Other faulty rimes are *joy—victory*; *o'er—star*; *noise—voice*; *seat thee—await thee*; *arose—pursues*; *door—tower*; *scared*

<sup>114</sup> *Critical Review*, N. S. XX, 422.

<sup>115</sup> His own statement is that he did not see Taylor's before making his own translation. Yet a letter to Scott from Miss Cranstoun (Lockhart's *Life*, ch. VII, I, 208) shows that Taylor's version had reached Scotland before Scott published his version, and he may have seen it before printing.

—heard; bone—skeleton; heaven—forgiven. The homonyms *fare*—*fair* are once used, the identical rime *thee*—*thee*, and the eye rimes *come*—*home*.<sup>116</sup> These faulty rimes were probably the principal reason why M. G. Lewis did not wish to use, for his *Tales of Wonder*, Scott's *William and Helen*, although he had desired to have it when it was read to him in London by William Erskine, Scott's friend.<sup>117</sup>

The reception of Scott's *William and Helen* in his immediate circle was in the highest degree satisfactory, as was to be expected. Dugald Stewart, John Ramsey, William Erskine and Miss Jane Cranstoun, to take those whose letters are preserved in Lockhart, were enthusiastic. Miss Cranstoun, with something of future insight, wrote to a friend: "Upon my word Walter Scott is going to turn out a poet,—something of a cross I think between Burns and Gray." She even went so far as to dispraise Taylor in favor of her friend: "William Taylor's translation of your ballad is published, and so inferior that I wonder we could tolerate it." She adds, "I have seen another edition too, but it is below contempt. So many copies make the ballad famous, so that every day adds to your renown."<sup>118</sup>

Beyond his immediate circle the first praise came from William Taylor, in acknowledgment of Scott's letter and a copy of his translation:

I need not tell you, Sir, with how much eagerness I opened your volume—with how much glow I followed the *Chase*—or with how much alarm I came to *William and Helen*. Of the latter I will say nothing; praise might seem hypocrisy—criticism envy. The ghost nowhere makes his appearance so well as with you, or his exit so well as with Mr. Spenser. I like very much the recurrence of

The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,  
The flashing pebbles flee.<sup>119</sup>

About the same time, too, we get another English glimpse of the poem. We have seen how enthusiastic Anna Seward became over Mr. Spenser's translation of *Lenore*. In a letter to Lady Eleanor Butler (Feb. 7, 1797), she refers to what she could not then have known was the edition of one who was to be a frequent

<sup>116</sup> In his earliest version Taylor uses the eye-rimes *come*—*home*, *prove*—*love*, and *gone*—*none*. He has also the identical rime *die*—*die*, and the faulty *stop*—*ope*.

<sup>117</sup> Lockhart's *Life*, ch. IX, (I, 253).

<sup>118</sup> Lockhart's *Life*, ch. VII, (I, 209). The letter is without date, but was sent to Scott at Montrose, reaching him after his last interview with the lady of his early attachment.

<sup>119</sup> Lockhart's *Life*, ch. VIII. Mr. Spenser's name is often spelled with *s* by correspondents of this time.

correspondent and later the editor of her poetical works. She is describing the "poetical readings" which formed "part of our amusements" on a visit to Nottingham:

Mr. Saville, who reads finely as you well know, gave us the extracts with which the Scottish ladies of your neighborhood favoured him, from that sublime paraphrase of Bürger's *Leonora*, the yet unpublished work of their friend. It is not near so close as the four rival translations which I have seen of that wild and violent poem; amongst which Mr. Spencer's, with its happy engravings, is so very prominent in poetic merit.

Many ideas and images are in the extracts Mr. Saville had obtained, which cannot be found in Bürger's poem; but they vie, and in some places transcend those of the original in well-imagined horror. Chilling, grand, and horrific is the shrouded corpse rising from the bier, and the half-perished body of the murderer swinging and creaking in the winds and rain, descending from the gibbet at the call of the equestrian spectre, and joining the ghastly train on that impetuous journey.<sup>120</sup>

Two years later, when her enthusiasm for Mr. Spencer's translation had somewhat cooled, Miss Seward received from Mr. Colin Mackenzie of Edinburgh a copy of Scott's *William and Helen* as published in 1796, and in manuscript *The Triumph of Constancy*, an otherwise unknown translation from Bürger, as well as Scott's own ballad imitation *Glenfinlas*. These facts Miss Seward added as a note to a copy of her letter to Mr. Mackenzie. That letter is otherwise interesting as showing how Mr. Saville obtained the extracts from Scott's poem and Miss Seward's later views respecting it:

Two years since a friend of mine met with the *William and Helen* at the cottage of the celebrated recluses of Llangollen Vale. He reads finely, and he was desired to read it in their circle. It was in manuscript, and he understood unpublished; but that was a mistake. Thus he considered as an indulgence that he obtained permission to make extracts from *William and Helen*, of those parts

<sup>120</sup> *Letters of Anna Seward* (Constable), IV, 314. The reference to the body of the murderer coming down from the gibbet to join the train, "at the call of the equestrian spectre," is conclusive proof that the version was Scott's *William and Helen*. In no other have we such a feature. The Scottish ladies who had first received it perhaps can not be identified.

Lady Eleanor Butler was a personage of the time. With her friend, Sarah Ponsonby, and a maid-servant, she had sought seclusion in North Wales and lived a recluse at Plas Newydd, Llangollen, for fifty years or more until her death in 1829. Her home was a place of pilgrimage for many years from all parts of Britain, and from the continent. De Quincey visited them, as shown by his *Confessions* (*Works*, Masson, III, 321). Wordsworth was a guest and wrote a sonnet upon them and their home; see an interesting account of them in *A Swan and Her Friends* by E. V. Lucas, ch. XIII. Anna Seward, a visitor and frequent correspondent, wrote her poem *Llangollen Vale* in their honor.

Mr. Saville was the choir singer of Lichfield for whom Miss Seward indulged a platonic friendship of great vigor; see Mr. Lucas's work above, p. 174-9.

in which the poem differs from the German, by circumstances and pictures that increase the sublime horrors of the story. He knew how high Spencer's *Leonora* stood in my estimation; but he also knew my predilection for that species of translation which scruples not to throw in new matter, congenial to the subject and style, and capable of heightening their interest or their imagery. On perusing those extracts I agreed with my friend, that the new features in this equestrian ghost are more grandly horrid than any in the original. Thus will it almost invariably be when poets, not versifiers, translate.<sup>121</sup>

The *Letters* further show that Mr. Saville had visited Llangollen Vale and its celebrated ladies in the summer of 1796, so that Scott's version of the *Lenore*, in one of its manuscript reproductions, had reached this part of England before its publication in Scotland.

Outside of his own country Scott's translation naturally made less impression, although it was favorably received by the reviewers. The *Monthly Review* of May, 1797, after referring to Taylor's translation as that with which it was most pleased, says:

We have now before us another translation on the same plan [the ballad form], but more modern in its appearance; and we think that, even after so many respectable attempts, it may claim a very considerable share of comparative applause. So generally resembling, indeed, is it to the last mentioned version, that the author's positive assurance of its composition before that came further to his knowledge than by the repetition from memory of a single couplet, were necessary to efface the idea of imitation; and surely, besides that often repeated couplet, there are several lines almost exactly the same with corresponding lines in the other, only somewhat different in the spelling. Yet we do not mean to represent it as not an entirely new composition; and it has poetical beauties of its own, which sufficiently display the writer's superiority to any idea of servile or mechanical imitation.<sup>122</sup>

We have already noted the *Critical Review's* suggestion of likeness in this translation to Taylor's. Yet it adds of the version as a whole,

Nor is the present translation, which as well as that printed at Norwich is without a name, unworthy to rank with its predecessors in the force and effect with which it gives the sense of the original.<sup>123</sup> This seems a fair judgment, without precluding the feeling that

<sup>121</sup> *Letters* V, 197. Mr. Saville, the friend above, was of course right that the poem was as yet unpublished, since Scott's translations from Bürger were not printed until October. It is my purpose to treat, in another place, the hitherto unnoticed translation from Bürger called the *Triumph of Constancy*, as well as some other references to Scott's early poetry in the *Letters of Anna Seward*.

<sup>122</sup> *Monthly Review*, N. S. XXIII, 34.

<sup>123</sup> *Critical Review*, N. S. XX, 422. See p. 22.

Taylor has in some respects surpassed Scott, and made what is on the whole the best version.

The next evidence that Scott's version of the Bürger ballad was highly esteemed is connected with the publication of Lewis's *Tales of Terror and Wonder*. As already noted Scott himself mentions the inspiration of Lewis's work in the *Monk*.<sup>124</sup> In the spring of 1798 Scott's friend Erskine met Lewis in London, with the result that Scott was asked to assist him in his proposed compilation. In answer to Scott's offer of anything that he had, Lewis wrote a letter of thanks and later invited the author of *William and Helen* to dine with him in Edinburgh.<sup>125</sup> Indeed, Lewis must have expected at this time to use Scott's poem, as shown by a letter in which he says: "In order that I may bring it nearer the original title, pray introduce in the first stanza the name Ellenora, instead of Ellen".<sup>126</sup>

Why Lewis did not finally use Scott's poem is not clear, but a reasonable conjecture may be offered. Lewis was unusually free with his criticisms of Scott's verses, and caused the Scotch attorney to revise his *Glenfinlas* before it was accepted. It is to be inferred also from Lewis's letter that Scott had objected to making all the changes suggested. Lewis writes:

Thank you for your revised "Glenfinlas." I grumble, but say no more on *this* subject, although I hope you will not be so inflexible on that of your other Ballads; for I do not despair of convincing you in time that a bad rhyme is, in fact, no rhyme at all. You desired me to point out my objections, leaving you at liberty to make use of them or not; and so have at "Frederick and Alice."

He then goes on to criticise *Frederick and Alice*, *The Chase*, and *William and Helen*. Scott made most of the changes suggested for the first two poems, but probably balked at making the more numerous ones in the last, after it had been once printed and so highly praised by his friends. At any rate *William and Helen* was not used by Lewis, and it remains today with all the faulty rimes and expressions Lewis pointed out. The latter, as we know, printed Taylor's first version in his *Tales of Wonder*, though without knowing the author.<sup>127</sup>

<sup>124</sup> See p. 50.

<sup>125</sup> Lockhart's *Life*, ch. IX (I, 254).

<sup>126</sup> Henderson's edition of Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, IV, 54. The name Ellen is also used by Lockhart (*Life* ch. IX, I, 275). In Pollard's edition the name of Scott's translation is *William and Helen*, but early editions read *Ellen*, and this is, I assume, what Lockhart wrote.

<sup>127</sup> Long afterwards (1825), Scott may have remembered this criticism when he wrote of Lewis: "He had the finest ear for rhythm I ever met with—finer than Byron's."—Lockhart's *Life*, ch. IX (I, 255).

The men remained good friends. In 1799 Lewis arranged for the publication in London of Scott's translation of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, and it appeared in February. Lewis, too, obtained for the translator twenty-five guineas for the work, on the ground that it was Scott's first publication. He had forgotten the Bürger translations of 1796, as he also forgot that Scott's name was Walter, not William. See p. 48.

Incidentally there should here be mentioned another edition of Scott's *William and Helen*, especially because of indirect consequences in Scott's life. In 1799, on a visit to Rosebank, James Ballantyne called upon Scott, and the latter suggested Ballantyne's printing of books along with his newspaper. Scott said:

"You had better try what you can do. You have been praising my little ballads; suppose you print off a dozen copies or so of as many as will make a pamphlet, sufficient to let my Edinburgh acquaintances judge of your skill for themselves." Ballantyne assented; and I believe exactly twelve copies of *William and Ellen*, *The Fire-King*, *The Chase*, and a few more of those pieces were thrown off accordingly, with the title (alluding to the long delay of Lewis's collection) of "Apology for Tales of Terror—1799."<sup>128</sup>

This second printing of Scott's *William and Helen* is now one of the rarest of books. Yet it was to have an indirect effect upon Scott's whole after life, thus linking inextricably, though so disastrously, his earliest with his latest endeavors as a literary artist.

It is needless to say that Scott was the only one of these five translators of Bürger's *Lenore* to attain considerable fame as a poet, and even he withdrew from the poetic field as he began to succeed in prose fiction. Nor can it be said that this, his first poem to be printed, greatly encouraged him to give his life to writing verse. It was nine years before *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* delighted English readers. Yet the flattering reception of *William and Helen* by his friends, and the interviews with the popular author of *The Monk*, indirectly resulting from it, clearly had their influence on the shy Scotch advocate, the Sir Walter Scott who was to be.

## VII. SUMMARY AND INFLUENCE.

We are now in a position to understand in detail the reason why the German tributary to English romanticism, as Professor Beers calls it, overflowed in five translations and seven versions of Bürger's *Lenore* during the single year 1796. The interest in Bürger, at least on the part of several, was clearly earlier than that year. William Taylor and Mr. J. T. Stanley had come to appreciate German literature from residence in Germany as early as

<sup>128</sup> Lockhart's *Life*, ch. IX (I, 275). The imprint was Kelso. The similarity of title to that first proposed by Lewis for his *Tales of Wonder*, and the fact that most of the pieces were reprinted in that work in 1801, have given rise, I believe, to the long-accepted idea that Lewis printed *Tales of Wonder* at Kelso in 1799. I shall deal with that subject in another place.

1781.<sup>129</sup> It is possible that the attention of the poet Pye had been turned toward Germany as early. As we have seen, William Taylor had made his translation of Bürger's famous poem as early as 1790, and another had been made but not published by some unknown writer even earlier.<sup>130</sup> The influence of Taylor's version, while still in manuscript, had produced at least one imitation in the *Arthur and Matilda* of Dr. Aikin as early as 1791. Matthew G. Lewis had doubtless become acquainted with Bürger in one of his school vacations in Germany before 1794. At least when in that year he was writing his *Ambrosio or the Monk*, he certainly knew Bürger, for he imitated *Lenore* in his ballad *Alonzo the Brave*. The hearing of a couplet of Taylor's version, as it had been read in Edinburgh by Mrs. Barbauld in 1794, together with his later interest in the ballads published by Lewis in the *Monk*, led Scott to seek and read Bürger's poems. From the *Lenore* he made his own translation, called *William and Helen*, about the time when the London publishers were active with at least three other versions of this much translated poem.

But it is to Mr. J. T. Stanley that we owe the special activity, in publication at least, of this remarkable year. His translation, probably made as early as 1795, led Mr. W. R. Spencer to begin one to "improve" it, as it had led Lady Diana Beauclerk to prepare designs illustrating the poem. The hasty publication of Stanley's first version early in February brought the almost simultaneous publication of Taylor's translation, now known to have been written six years before, and Pye's version which may possibly have been prepared some years earlier. The former appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* for March, which was not printed until the last days of the month. The latter seems to have been issued on or near April first. Mr. Stanley's more deliberate issue, April 15, of his second version in handsome form with plates by William Blake was followed, probably in July, by Spencer's, embellished with the designs of Lady Diana Beauclerk. Meanwhile a few copies of Scott's *William and Helen*, prepared as early as April but independently of the English versions except Taylor's, had been put into print through his friends Miss Cranstoun and William Erskine, probably a little before the issue of Spencer's translation. It was published by Scott himself, with a translation of Bürger's *Der Wilde Jäger* called by

<sup>129</sup> See pp. 12 and 28.

<sup>130</sup> See p. 37-38.

Scott *The Chase*, in what is ordinarily known as the first edition during October. Finally Taylor printed, for the first time in separate form, a revised version of his translation in November or December. This, like Stanley's second version, was altered in some details, notably in a change of one stanza, suggested by the translation of Mr. Spencer. Thus are the seven versions of the five earliest English translations of Bürger's famous poem interwoven and interlinked with one another.

It is not easy to estimate the influence in England of these Bürger translations of the year 1796, at least as distinct from other German works of romantic cast which were then known. Yet the numerous references to the *Lenore* translations in Reviews, in biographies, and in letters, show that this bit of German verse had probably given more English people their first taste of German literature than all the translations that had preceded. Besides, his translation of *Lenore* was clearly of immense importance in the case of Scott, leading him into his first poetic period, that of ballad translation and imitation during 1796 to 1803. Indirectly, too, as has been often shown, Scott's first poetic effort was due to the yet unpublished version of *Lenore* by William Taylor. The reprinting of Scott's *William and Helen* in his collected works, after his fame as a poet had been established by the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and its poetic successors, has made this version of Bürger more easily accessible and more generally known than any of the others.

That Stanley's version must have been read to a considerable extent is clear from the three editions which appeared so near together in the early months of the year. Mr. Spencer's edition also continued to be called for, partly no doubt because of the drawings of Lady Beauclerk, and it was issued in 1799, and again in 1809. Especially did it have its influence in stimulating Spencer to continue to write poetry, and thus to take at least a minor place among the poets of the early nineteenth century.

Yet of all these versions the most influential in its time was that of William Taylor. Not only was it to produce the imitation of Dr. Aikin before its publication, but it was to thrill the Edinburgh assembly of cultivated people when read by Mrs. Barbauld, and thus be carried by one of them to the young Scott. This was the version about which Lamb became so enthusiastic in his letter to Coleridge, already noted. This was known to Wordsworth, doubtless through Lamb or Coleridge, and a portion of it praised

above the original.<sup>131</sup> While Taylor's first version was underrated by Southey, his translation of another of Bürger's poems was extravagantly praised. Taylor's later version of *Lenore* was highly regarded by Southey, and was thought of by him for Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*, possibly mentioned to Lewis himself.<sup>132</sup> At least the two versions of Taylor led to correspondence, and the eventual meeting of Southey and the Norwich translator.

Neither Southey nor Wordsworth was to be directly influenced in his poetry by the Bürger translations. Southey was perhaps already too full of his own plans. Yet he was to pay tribute to Sayers, the friend of Taylor, for his meter of *Thalaba*, and he visited the two at Norwich in 1798. On the other hand, Wordsworth was too much of a realist, and too much occupied with his own theories of poetry, to be likely to follow Bürger in his gruesome use of the supernatural. Such subjects were wholly at variance with his conceptions of the poetic realm.

Not so with Coleridge, however. We do not know the latter's response to Lamb's enthusiastic letter. But his keen appreciation of Taylor's *Lenora* is evident from his letters to the translator while he and the Wordsworths were in Germany.<sup>133</sup> In these years, too, Coleridge was particularly susceptible to external influences. Reading Bowles as a schoolboy had made him a poet and a sonneteer. He had imitated Ossian in prose and verse. The influence of Southey and Lamb and Wordsworth and Godwin is clear from his early poems. Now he was to be more profoundly affected by Taylor's translation than has yet been pointed out.

Professor Brandl, in first referring to this influence,<sup>134</sup> called attention to several matters in Coleridge's poems of 1797 to 1799. He notes the line of *Kubla Khan*.

By woman wailing for her demon lover;  
the sinking of the ship in the *Ancient Mariner*, like the disappearance of the horse under Lenore at the grave of William; the general likeness of *Christabel*, and the breaking off of the *Dark Ladie* from its perceived resemblance, he thinks, to the ballad of Bürger. In his later *Life of Coleridge*,<sup>135</sup> Brandl has also connected parts of the *Ode on the Departing Year* with the Bürger influence, and asso-

<sup>131</sup> See p. 32.

<sup>132</sup> See p. 33.

<sup>133</sup> See p. 32.

<sup>134</sup> Schmidt's *Characteristiken*, I, 247.

<sup>135</sup> Compare pp. 200-04, and 174, 215.

ciates the poem of the *Three Graves* with the others of this period. To these it now seems reasonable to add some other significant details.

Lamb's letter concerning the Bürger translations had been sent to Coleridge in the latter part of July.<sup>138</sup> The chances are, however, that Coleridge could not have seen Taylor's *Lenora* until some months later. His poem in the *Monthly Magazine* of September had been sent for the *Morning Chronicle*, and Lamb was responsible for its insertion in the former periodical. Moreover Coleridge was troubled about many matters in these months,—the birth of his first child in September, the change of residence to Stowey, the second edition of his poems, depression of spirits in general, and the neuralgia which brought the first use of opium. Apart from his drama *Osorio*, he was not again writing verse of importance until the inspiration attendant upon the friendly intercourse with Wordsworth. Then follows his period of balladry, perhaps partly inspired by Wordsworth, and the marked influence of Taylor's *Lenora*. This period includes four poems, the *Three Graves*, the *Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, and the *Dark Ladie*.

The order in which the poems of the year 1797 were written is not certain, but in the *Three Graves* and the *Ancient Mariner* the ballad measure was first used with the seriousness with which it had first been employed by Taylor. The first of these, which Dykes Campbell places first in composition, is a "sexton's tale" of a mother, daughter, and her lover, of a curse and its tragic consequences. Many years later when parts of the poem were printed in the *Friend* (Sept. 21, 1809), the following sentence shows the time and feeling under which the fragment was written:

I was not led to choose this story from any partiality to tragic, much less to monstrous events (though at the time I composed the verses, somewhat more than twelve years ago, I was less averse to such subjects), but from finding in it a striking proof of the possible effect on the imagination from an idea violently and suddenly impressed upon it.

Remembering that this places the writing of the poem in the year of *Kubla Khan*, the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, we may probably paraphrase this sentence somewhat as follows: "I was led to choose this story from my partiality to tragic and monstrous events when it was composed some twelve years ago." There can be little

<sup>138</sup> See p. 32.

doubt Coleridge was remembering, with the apologies of a later time, the period of intense interest in the German tale of wonder and horror, as it became known to him through the Taylor translations. Incidentally, too, the stanza structure of the *Three Graves* and the earliest form of the *Ancient Mariner* are the same, only two variations of the ballad measure occurring in each.<sup>137</sup>

One may reasonably suggest another likeness between the *Three Graves* and Bürger's *Lenore*. Coleridge closes his introduction to the fragment when printed in the *Friend* by the following paragraph:

The tale is supposed to be narrated by an old sexton, in a country churchyard, to a traveller whose curiosity had been awakened by the appearance of three graves close by each other, to two only of which there were grave-stones. On the first of these was the name and dates, as usual; on the second no name, but only the date, and the words, "The Mercy of God is infinite."

There is thus a direct parallelism between the punishment for blasphemy in *Lenore* and in the *Three Graves*, together with the same emphasis of the divine mercy.

The line of *Kubla Khan* cited by Brandl may be a reminiscence of Bürger. Certainly the extravagance of the poem connects it closely with the other poems of this period. Yet the influence of Taylor's translation of *Lenore* is most marked upon the next poem which Coleridge wrote, the much greater *Ancient Mariner*. Here, too, it is important to remember that both poems were considerably altered in later versions, so that comparison must be made with the first forms of both. In this poem Brandl pointed only to the sinking of the ship, an alteration of the story of Paulinus in which the ship came into the harbor safely, as due to direct *Lenore* influence. The wedding-guest he thought taken from Lewis's *Alonzo the Brave*, and therefore only indirectly from Bürger.

Besides these, however, there are several important likenesses between Coleridge and Taylor. Not only is Coleridge's use of the ballad meter apparently due to Taylor's use of that form in so serious and effective a manner, but the archaic spelling of the first form of the *Ancient Mariner* is probably directly due to Taylor's

<sup>137</sup> These are the five-line stanza with the third and fourth lines riming as in Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, and the six-line stanza with alternate rime. Compare the reprint of the first form of the *Ancient Mariner*, as in Appendix E of Dykes Campbell's *Poetical Works of Coleridge*, or the reprint of the *Lyrical Ballads* by Dowden. In the earlier version of the *Ancient Mariner* and in the *Three Graves* these variations are indented in the same way, while the later form of the *Mariner* has a greater number of stanza variations with no indentation to mark the varied rime.

similar use, far more pronounced in his earlier than his later version. It is true such use of archaic forms might be imitation of the Percy ballads or of Chatterton. Yet the fact that Coleridge had never before used such archaisms, and the nearness of the *Mariner* to Coleridge's enthusiasm for Taylor, would imply the special influence of the latter's poem.

Another significant feature of the *Ancient Mariner* is its considerable use of internal rime, that is double rime within the line. We know, too, from a later letter of Coleridge to Southey, that the former greatly liked this feature, while Taylor thought it of little importance.<sup>138</sup> Yet Taylor had used internal rime in six of his stanzas,<sup>139</sup> twice in one of them, and this had apparently drawn Coleridge's attention to it. It need scarcely be mentioned that internal rime is not a normal feature of ballad poetry, yet Coleridge made it very prominent in his poem. In almost one-third of the stanzas internal rime occurs, while it is twice found in at least eight. Taylor's use of this form was in direct imitation of Bürger, who had employed it occasionally. Coleridge, attracted by Taylor's use, greatly increases it in his poem.

It is perhaps not so certain that Coleridge caught up Taylor's frequent use of repetition, a common fact in ballad poetry. Yet Taylor had employed such repetition with great effectiveness, and Coleridge had carried its use still further in his ballad. Nor must one be too positive about minor features. For example, Taylor once used the feminine ending in rime, stanza 60, and Coleridge has seven cases of such rime, while Scott, also following the ballad measure in his *William and Helen*, does not use it at all.

It would be easy to note similarities of phrasing or imagery in the two poems. The rapid movement of the ship past kirk and hill and light-house top reminds one of the swiftness with which the spectre William and Lenore pass various objects. Moreover, the description of such action is repeated a second time in each poem. Not only is the wedding guest most important in Coleridge's poem, but other wedding guests are seen through opened doors in the distance, as William tells his bride in Taylor's translation,

"The wedding guests thy coming waite,  
The chamber dore is ope."

<sup>138</sup> Coleridge's letter, Feb. 28, 1800, is worth quoting: "William Taylor, from whom I have received a couple of letters full of thought and information, says what astounded me, that double rhymes in our language have always a ludicrous association. Mercy on the man! where are his ears and feelings? His taste can not be quite right, from this observation; but he is a famous fellow—that is not to be denied."—*Letters of Coleridge*, p. 332.

<sup>139</sup> See stanzas 11, 24, 39, 41 (twice), 50, 59.

The beating of the breast by the wedding guest in his impatience is paralleled by the same action of Lenore in her grief for the lost William. The roaring of the on-coming wind as heard by the mariner is like the blasts that "athwart the hawthorne hiss" in the Taylor poem. Most of the action, especially the coming of the spectre ship and the dream of the two voices, takes place in the moonlight, which is seven times mentioned, as it is three times by Taylor. The black bones of the woman's "fleshless pheere," save "the rust

"Of mouldy damp and charnel crust,"

may be placed over against

"His armour black as cinder  
Did moulder, moulder all awaye."

The "ghastly crew" of the ship, which the mariner saw, and the "ghostly crew" seen by Lenore in the air are not unlike. Finally, in addition to the sinking of the ship, which Brandl had first mentioned, it may be noted that this action seems to take place in the *Mariner* at or near the dawn, for this is implied by the mariner's clearer sight of the "wood which slopes down to the sea," the home of the hermit, and the action of rescuing the mariner after his many adventures.

Quite apart from similarities in form and phrasing, it will be remembered that in the composition of the *Lyrical Ballads* the development of the supernatural element was especially left to Coleridge. As he tells us in his *Biographia Literaria*,

It was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic. . . . With this view I wrote *The Ancient Mariner*, and was preparing among other poems the *Dark Ladie*, and the *Christabel*, in which I should have more nearly realized my ideal than I had done in my first attempt.<sup>140</sup>

It could not be asserted that Coleridge had now for the first time conceived the idea of using the supernatural. He had already written the *Songs of the Pixies*. Yet no one can compare the supernatural of that poem with that of the *Ancient Mariner* without perceiving the new spirit pervading the latter. That spirit, it seems not unreasonable to refer mainly to the influence of German romanticism as exhibited in Taylor's *Lenora*, and the new stimulus to the imagination resulting from it. Something of the same spirit

<sup>140</sup> Chap. XIV, Coleridge's Works (Shedd) III, 365.

also belongs to all the poems of this brief period of Coleridge's development.

Beyond this the *Ancient Mariner* bears a close relation in essential character to Bürger's *Lenore*. A sin against the divine ruler, the one in blasphemy, the other in killing one of God's innocent creatures, the punishment attended by wondrous and supernatural circumstances, the moral and the suggestion of mercy from the divine judge,—these make up both poems. The main difference is that in the *Mariner* the suggestion of mercy is carried one step further, to penitence for sin, the saving of the sinner's life, and expiation in his wandering over the earth to tell his story and emphasize the moral—both notable additions to the Bürger theme. In this one may see the specific English modification of the Bürger conception, for it may be noted here again that Stanley carried out the same idea in his second version of Bürger's poem, even if in a much less artistic way.

The influence of the German ballad upon Coleridge was at once recognized at the time, especially by Southey. In the *Critical Review* article on the *Lyrical Ballads* in the October number of 1798, he says of the *Ancient Mariner*: "It is a Dutch attempt at German sublimity. Genius has here been employed in producing a poem of little merit." To this Lamb rightly expresses strong disapproval in a letter of Nov. 8, but it should be noted that Lamb makes no denial of German influence. His characterization of the poem as "an English attempt" "to dethrone German sublimity" implies that he recognized the German inspiration, while strongly deprecating anything like mere imitation. The letter is as follows:

If you wrote that review in the "Crit. Rev." I am sorry you are so sparing of praise to the "Ancient Mariner";—so far from calling it, as you do with some wit but more severity, "A Dutch attempt," etc., I call it a right English attempt, and a successful one to dethrone German sublimity. You have selected a passage fertile in unmeaning miracles, but have passed by fifty passages as miraculous in the miracles they celebrate. I never so deeply felt the pathetic as in that part.

A spring of love gush'd from my heart  
And I bless'd them unaware.—

It stung me into high pleasure through sufferings. Lloyd does not like it; his head is too metaphysical, and your taste too correct; at least I must allege something against you both, to excuse my own dotage—

So lonely 'twas that God himself  
Scarce seemed there to be! &c., &c.

But you allow some elaborate beauties—you should have extracted 'em. "The Ancient Mariner" plays more tricks with the mind than that last poem [Tintern Abbey], which is yet one of the finest written.<sup>141</sup>

Is there, perhaps, one other evidence of the influence upon Coleridge of Taylor's introduction to the German ballad? There can be no doubt that the visit to Germany of Coleridge and the Wordsworths was proposed by the former. It is true Coleridge had been interested in German literature for some time. He had read a translation of Schiller's *Robbers* as early as 1794-95, and had written a sonnet to its author. Parts of *Osorio* (1797) were based upon Schiller's *Ghostseer*. In the autumn Coleridge had begun to learn German in order to read Wieland's *Oberon*.<sup>142</sup> Yet none of the biographers make entirely clear when the idea of the visit to Germany first came to him. It seems to have been first proposed to the Wordsworths in May, 1798, when the arrangement for the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads* was made with Cottle.<sup>143</sup> Probably it had been talked of before, as indicated by a letter of Wordsworth in March.<sup>144</sup> Brandl connects it with Coleridge's beginning to learn German, which he places in the autumn of 1797, and this gives it priority to any mention of the plan by Wordsworth.<sup>145</sup> May it not be that Coleridge's known interest in Taylor's translations of Bürger again turned his attention to German literature, and perhaps suggested the journey which he was soon to take.

The general and particular likeness of *Christabel* and the *Dark Ladie* to Bürger's *Lenore* has been noted by Brandl. Especially does he call attention to Geraldine's story in the former of having "been carried away upon a wild horse and left in the wood half-dead with fright."<sup>146</sup> He also thinks that the *Ballad of the Dark Ladie* was purposely left a fragment because of its close similarity to *Lenore*. Be this as it may, the likeness of both poems in the strange, weird, and supernatural show their intimate association with the poems of Bürger influence.

<sup>141</sup> *Letters of Charles Lamb* (Lucas) p. 130.

<sup>142</sup> Brandl's *Life*, pp. 124, 227.

<sup>143</sup> See Dykes Campbell's Introduction to Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, p. xliii.

<sup>144</sup> See letter of March 11, Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, I, 147.

<sup>145</sup> *Life*, p. 151: "Then it occurred to him, as he had just begun to learn German, to undertake at once a translation of all Schiller's works; to proceed with the fruits thereof to Jena, to study chemistry and anatomy, the theologians Semlar and Michaelis, and the great metaphysician Kant; and so enriched to return to England and set up a private academy for education."

<sup>146</sup> *Life of Coleridge*, p. 211.

There still remains to note one further influence of Taylor's Bürger translation at this time. It has been noted that M. G. Lewis had earlier become acquainted with German, and that he had already written his ballad imitation *Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene*, after the manner of *Lenore*. This he printed in his extravagant romance *The Monk* in 1795, a novel that was an extravagant success in its time. The next work which he undertook was the *Tales of Wonder* which, though not issued until 1801, was begun some time earlier.<sup>147</sup> The last example of a "wonder" tale in this book is Taylor's translation of *Lenore* from the *Monthly Magazine*.<sup>148</sup> Now we know from the meeting of William Erskine, Scott's friend, with Lewis in the spring of 1798 that the latter was already at work upon his new volume.<sup>149</sup> It seems in the highest degree probable, therefore, that a contributing influence toward Lewis's new venture was the success of the *Lenore* translations, especially Taylor's, in the year 1796. If so we have in this a further inspiration of the German poet in his English dress.

It is not to be assumed that the influence on Coleridge and perhaps Lewis was all the effect of the *Lenore* translations of 1796. The main purpose of the foregoing paragraphs is to suggest that the influence of Bürger has probably been underestimated in the past. If the effect on Coleridge was even nearly so considerable as that here noted, it may have also been more important on other writers than has been pointed out. Should this study prove the basis of some further investigation of Bürger influence, it will have served one important purpose.

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<sup>147</sup> See *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* on Lewis for discussion of date.

<sup>148</sup> See p. 33.

<sup>149</sup> Lockhart's *Life*, chap. IX.

## VIII. THE LENORE TRANSLATIONS AND BÜRGER'S LENORE.

## LEONORA

By J. T. STANLEY.

"Ah, William! art thou false or dead?"  
Cried Leonora from her bed.

"I dreamt thou'dst ne'er return."  
William had fought in Frederick's host  
At Prague, but what his fate—if lost  
Or safe, she could not learn.<sup>150</sup>

Hungaria's Queen and Prussia's King,  
Wearied, at length, with bickering,  
Resolv'd to end the strife;  
And homewards, then, their separate routs  
The armies took, with songs and shouts,  
With cymbals, drum, and fife.<sup>151</sup>

As deck'd with boughs they march'd along,  
From ev'ry door, the old and young  
Rush'd forth the troops to greet.  
"Thank God," each child and parent cry'd.  
And "welcome, welcome," many a bride,  
As friends long parted meet.

They joy'd, poor Leonora griev'd:  
No kiss she gave, no kiss receiv'd;  
Of William none could tell;  
She wrung her hands, and tore her hair;  
Till left alone, in deep despair,  
Bereft of sense she fell.

Swift to her aid, her mother came,  
"Ah! say," she cried, "in mercy's name,  
What means this frantic grief?"  
"Mother, 'tis past—all hopes are fled,  
God hath no mercy, William's dead,  
My woe is past relief."<sup>152</sup>

<sup>150</sup> First edition,

As Leonora left her bed,  
"William," she cried, "art false or dead!  
I dreamt thou'd ne'er return."

Slight differences in punctuation are not noted, and two or three misprints are corrected. The stanzas in both editions are numbered with Roman numerals above.

<sup>151</sup> Second line, Wearied with their long bickering; fourth, no and; sixth, cymbal.<sup>152</sup> Second line, Heaven's; fifth line, God hath no Mercy.

"Pardon, O pardon, Lord above!  
 My child, with pray'rs invoke his love,  
 The Almighty never errs;"

"O, mother! mother! idle prate,  
 Can he be anxious for my fate,  
 Who never heard my prayers?" <sup>153</sup>

"Be patient, child, in God believe,  
 The good he can, and will relieve,  
 To trust his power endeavour."

"O, mother! mother! all is vain,  
 What trust can bring to life again?  
 The past, is past, for ever." <sup>154</sup>

"Who knows but that he yet survives;  
 Perchance, far off from hence he lives,  
 And thinks no more of you.  
 Forget, forget, the faithless youth,  
 Away with grief, your sorrow soothe,  
 Since William proves untrue." <sup>155</sup>

"Mother, all hope has fled my mind,  
 The past, is past, our God's unkind;  
 Why did he give me breath?  
 Oh! that this hated loathsome light  
 Would fade for ever from my sight,  
 Come, death, come, welcome death!" <sup>156</sup>

"Indulgent Father, spare my child,  
 Her agony hath made her wild,  
 She knows not what she does.  
 Daughter, forget thy earthly love,  
 Look up to him who reigns above,  
 Where joys succeed to woes." <sup>157</sup>

"Mother, what now are joys to me?  
 With William, Hell a Heaven could be,  
 Without him, Heaven a Hell.  
 Fade, fade away, thou hated light,  
 Death, bear me hence to endless night,  
 With love all hope farewell." <sup>158</sup>

<sup>153</sup> First line, "Oh! mercy, mercy, Lord above!

<sup>154</sup> First line, Forbear—forebear—in God believe; fifth, No trust.

<sup>155</sup> First line, My child, who knows, he yet survives.

<sup>156</sup> Fourth and fifth lines, Would that this hated loathsome light Could.

<sup>157</sup> Sixth line, There.

<sup>158</sup> The stanza reads:

"Oh! mother, mother, Hell or Heaven  
 Woe or joy, are now all even:  
 William was Heaven alone.  
 Fade from my eyes, thou hated light,  
 Descend, my soul, to endless night,  
 For love and hope are flown."

In his manuscript corrections the second line reads, would be; the fourth and fifth,  
 "Come friendly Death, I hate the light,  
 Bear me away to endless night."

Thus rashly, Leonora strove  
To doubt the truth of heavenly love.

She wept, and beat her breast;  
She pray'd for death, until the moon  
With all the stars in silence shone,  
And sooth'd the world to rest.

When hark! without what sudden sound!  
She hears a trampling o'er the ground,  
Some horseman must be near!  
He stops, he rings. Hark! as the noise  
Dies soft away, a well-known voice  
Thus greets her list'ning ear.<sup>159</sup>

"Wake, Leonora;—dost thou sleep,  
Or thoughtless laugh, or constant weep,  
Is William welcome home?"  
"Dear William, you!—return'd, and well!  
I've wak'd and wept—but why, ah! tell,  
So late—at night you come?"<sup>160</sup>

"At midnight only dare we roam,  
For thee from Prague, though late, I come."  
"For me!—stay here and rest;  
The wild winds whistle o'er the waste,  
Ah, dearest William! why such haste?  
First warm thee in my breast."

"Let the winds whistle o'er the waste,  
My duty bids me be in haste;  
Quick, mount upon my steed:  
Let the winds whistle far and wide,  
Ere morn, two hundred leagues we'll ride,  
To reach our marriage bed."<sup>161</sup>

"What, William! for a bridal room,  
Travel to-night so far from home?"  
"Leonora, 'tis decreed.  
Look round thee, love, the moon shines clear,  
The dead ride swiftly; never fear,  
We'll reach our marriage bed."<sup>162</sup>

<sup>159</sup> Second line, What trampling hears she on the ground; manuscript corrects what of first line to a.

<sup>160</sup> First two lines,

"Awake! awake! arise my dear.  
Can Leonora sleep? I'm here.

Fourth line, thou; last lines,

"What joy? But whence, and why, ah! tell  
At night—so late—you come?"

Manuscript correction of first lines,

"Rise, Leonora, dost thou sleep,  
Or laughs my love, or doth she weep;

with further variant of the second line, Or wake, or doth she laugh or weep.

<sup>161</sup> Fifth line, an hundred.

<sup>162</sup> Second line, this night.

"Ah, William! whither would'st thou speed,  
What! where! this distant marriage bed?"

"Leonora, no delay.

'Tis far from hence; still—cold—and small;  
Six planks, no more, compose it all;

Our guests await, away!"<sup>103</sup>

She lightly on the courser sprung,  
And her white arms round William flung,  
Like to a lily wreath.

In swiftest gallop off they go,  
The stones and sparks around they throw,  
And pant the way for breath.<sup>104</sup>

The objects fly on every side,  
The bridges thunder as they ride:

"Art thou, my love, afraid?

Death swiftly rides, the moon shines clear,  
The dead doth Leonora fear?"

"Ah, no!—why name the dead?"

Hark! as their rapid course they urge,  
A passing bell, and solemn dirge;

Hoarse ravens join the strain.

They see a coffin on a bier,  
A priest and mourners too appear,  
Slow moving o'er the plain.<sup>105</sup>

And sad was heard the funeral lay;  
"What the Lord gives, he takes away;  
Life's but a fleeting shade.

A tale that's told,—a flower that falls;  
Death, when the least expected, calls,  
And bears us to his bed."<sup>106</sup>

"Forbear;"—imperious William cry'd,  
I carry home a beauteous bride,  
Come to our marriage feast;  
Mourners, away, we want your song;  
And as we swiftly haste along,  
Give us your blessing, priest.<sup>107</sup>

<sup>103</sup> Fourth line, from here.

<sup>104</sup> Last lines,

In thund'ring gallop off they flew  
While streams of fire their heels pursue,  
And soon they pant for breath.

Manuscript correction of next to last line, while sparks of fire.

<sup>105</sup> Fourth line, and a bier; fifth line, While priests.

<sup>106</sup> Manuscript, first line, Thus sad.

<sup>107</sup> Manuscript has two variations of last three lines:

"Let midnight pass, the rites delay,  
All follow where I lead the way,  
To grace our marriage, Priest."

and in another place,

"Mourners, away, we want a song,  
And quickly, as we haste along,  
Give us your blessing, Priest."

"Sing on, that life is like a shade,  
 A tale that's told, or flowers which fade;  
 Such strains will yield delight.  
 And, when we to our chamber go,  
 Bury your dead, with wail and woe;  
 The service suits the night."<sup>168</sup>

While William speaks, they silent stand,  
 They run obedient to command.  
 But, on with furious bound,  
 The foaming courser forward flew,  
 Fire and stones his heels pursue,  
 Like whirlwinds dash'd around.<sup>169</sup>

On right and left, on left and right,  
 Trees, hills, and towns flew past their sight,  
 As on they breathless prest;  
 "With the bright moon, like death we speed,  
 Dost Leonora fear the dead?"  
 "Ah! leave the dead at rest."<sup>170</sup>

Behold, where in the moon's pale beam,  
 As wheels and gibbets faintly gleam,  
 Join'd hand in hand, a crowd  
 Of imps and spectres hover high,  
 Or round a wasted wretch they fly,  
 When William calls aloud:

"Hither, ye airy rabble, come,  
 And follow till I reach my home;  
 We want a marriage dance."  
 As when the leaves on wither'd trees,  
 Are rustled by an eddy breeze,  
 The muttering sprites advance.

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<sup>168</sup> For the three stanzas preceding the first edition has only,  
 I am carrying home a beauteous bride."  
 In voice imperious, William cried:  
 "Quick, priests, your service read;  
 And, mourners, chaunt a wedding song,  
 For yet to-night we haste along,  
 To reach our marriage bed."

In manuscript the third and following were changed to,  
 "The service must be read;  
 You, mourners, chaunt a wedding song,  
 And follow as we haste along."

<sup>169</sup> The first lines read,  
 The dirges stopp'd, the priests obey'd:  
 As William bad, they sang and pray'd.  
 And on, with furious bound,  
 The breathless courser forward flew.

Manuscript corrections not used are second line, And following close; third line, desperate bound.

<sup>170</sup> First line, and left and right; third line, As on the courser prest, the manuscript correcting to, As on they furious prest.

But, soon with hurried steps, the crew  
 Rush'd prattling on, for William flew,  
     Clasp'd by the frightened fair;  
 Swifter than shafts, or than the wind,  
 While struck with earth, fire flash'd behind,  
     Like lightnings through the air.<sup>171</sup>

Not only flew the landscape by,  
 The clouds and stars appear'd to fly.  
     "Thus over hills and heath  
 We ride like death; say, lovely maid,  
 By moon-light dost thou fear the dead?"  
     "Ah! speak no more of death."

"The cock hath crow'd.—Away! away!  
 The sand ebbs out: I scent the day.  
     On! on! away from here!  
 Soon must our destin'd course be run,  
 The dead ride swift,—hurrah! 'tis done,  
     The marriage bed is near."

High grated iron doors, in vain  
 Barr'd their way. —With loosened rein  
     Whil'st William urg'd his steed,  
 He struck the bolts;—they open flew,  
 A church yard drear appear'd in view;  
     Their path was o'er the dead.<sup>172</sup>

As now, half veil'd by clouds, the moon  
 With feeble ray, o'er objects shone,  
     Where tomb-stones faint appear,  
 A grave new dug arrests the pair,  
 Cry'd William, and embraced the fair,  
     "Our marriage bed is here."<sup>173</sup>

Scarce had he spoke, when, dire to tell,  
 His flesh like touchwood from him fell,  
     His eyes forsook his head.  
 A skull, and naked bones alone,  
 Supply the place of William gone,  
     'Twas Death that clasp'd the maid.

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<sup>171</sup> Third line and following,

    Thundering o'er the ground,  
     Swift as a shaft, or as the wind,  
     While streams of fire he left behind,  
     And dash'd the stones around.

Manuscript, last two lines,

    While streams of fire were left behind,  
     Like lightning in the air.

<sup>172</sup> Third line, no Whil'st.

<sup>173</sup> Fifth line, William turned round, and clasp'd the fair,

Wild, snorting fire, the courser rear'd,  
 As wrapp'd in smoke he disappear'd,  
     Poor Leonora fell;  
 The hideous spectres hover round,  
 Deep groans she hears from under ground,  
     And fiends ascend from hell.

They dance, and cry, in dreadful howl,  
 "She asks no mercy for her soul;  
     Her earthly course is done.  
 When mortals, rash and impious! dare  
 Contend with God, and court despair,  
     We claim them as our own."<sup>176</sup>

"Yet," thus was heard, in milder strains,  
 "Call on the Lord, while life remains,  
     Unite your heart to his;  
 When Man repents and is resign'd,  
 God loves to soothe his suffer'ing mind,  
     And grant him future bliss."<sup>177</sup>

"We claim as ours, who impious dare  
 Contend with God, and court despair;"  
     Again the spectres cry'd.  
 "Fate threats in vain, when man's resign'd,  
 God loves to soothe the suffer'ing mind,"  
     The gentler voice reply'd."<sup>178</sup>

Leonora, ere her sense was gone,  
 Thus faint exclaim'd,—"Thy will be done,  
     "Lord, let thy anger cease."  
 Soft on the wind was borne the pray'r;  
 The spectres vanish'd into air,  
     And all was hushed in peace.

<sup>176</sup> Second and third lines,

"Ask Heaven for mercy on her soul,  
     "Thy earthly course is done.

Manuscript of same lines,

"Let Heaven have mercy on thy soul,  
     The destin'd course is done.

<sup>178</sup> The stanza reads:

"Who call on God, when press'd with grief,  
 Who trust his love for kind relief,  
     Ally his heart to his:  
 When Man will bear, and be resign'd,  
 God ever soothes his suffering mind,  
     And grants him future bliss."

This stanza closes the poem in the first and second editions. The remaining stanzas appeared first in the third, or "new" edition only.

<sup>176</sup> Manuscript version of last three lines,

"God only soothes the patient mind,  
 And grants him bliss, when Man's resign'd,"  
     Again a voice replied.

Now redd'ning tints the skies adorn,  
 And streaks of gold proclaim the morn;  
 The night is chas'd away.  
 The sun ascends, new warmth he gives,  
 New hope, new joy; all nature lives,  
 And hails the glorious day.<sup>177</sup>

No more are dreadful phantoms near;  
 Love, and his smiling train appear;  
 They cull each sweetest flow'r,  
 To scatter o'er the path of youth,  
 To deck the bridal bed, when Truth  
 And Beauty own their pow'r.

Ah,—could your pow'r avert the blast  
 Which threatens Bliss!—could passion last!  
 Ye dear enchanters tell;  
 What purer joy could Heaven bestow,  
 Than when with shar'd affection's glow,  
 Our panting bosoms swell?<sup>178</sup>

Sweet spirits! wave the airy wand,  
 Two faithful hearts your care demand;  
 Lo! bounding o'er the plain,  
 Led by your charm, a youth returns;  
 With hope, his breast impatient burns;  
 Hope is not always vain.

"Wake, Leonora—wake to love!  
 For thee, his choicest wreath he wove."  
 Death vainly aim'd his Dart.  
 The Past was all a dream; she woke—  
 He lives;—'twas William's self who spoke,  
 And clasp'd her to his Heart.<sup>179</sup>

<sup>177</sup> Manuscript, in fourth line, life for warmth.

<sup>178</sup> Manuscript, first line, their power; second line, When Bliss awaits.

<sup>179</sup> The manuscript alterations of the first edition would seem to indicate that the two stanzas preceding the last were not at first intended to be a part of the poem. The last, as we have it above, immediately followed that beginning,

No more are dreadful phantoms near.

Later the following stanza was pencilled after that beginning, "Wake, Leonora":

Lo, when from far a youth returns,  
 Led by your charms his bosom burns,  
 Sweet spirit, wave your wands;  
 Can heaven a purer bliss bestow,  
 Than when with shar'd affection's glow  
 The panting heart expands?

Still later this was expanded into two stanzas, and they were placed before that which now closes the poem.

## LENORA

By William Taylor <sup>120</sup>

At break of day, with frightful dreams  
Lenora struggled sore:  
My William, art thou slaine, say'd she  
Or dost thou love no more?

He went abroad with Richard's host,  
The Paynim foes to quell:  
But he no word to her had writt,  
An he were sick or well.

With sowne of trump, and beat of drum,  
His fellow soldyers come;  
Their helmes bydeckt with oaken boughs,  
They seeke their long'd-for home:

And ev'ry roade and ev'ry lane  
Was full of old and young,  
To gaze at the rejoicing band,  
To hail with gladsome tounge.

"Thank God!" their wives and children saide,  
"Welcome!" the brides did saye:  
But greete or kiss Lenora gave  
To none upon that daye.

She askte of all the passing traine,  
For him she wisht to see:  
But none of all the passing traine  
Could tell if lived hee.

And when the soldyers all were bye,  
She tore her raven haire,  
And cast herself upon the growne  
In furious despaire.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,  
And clasped in her arme,  
"My child, my child, what dost thou ail?  
God shield thy life from harm!"

"O mother, mother! William's gone!  
What's all besyde to me?  
There is no mercye, sure, above!  
All, all were spar'd but hee!

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<sup>120</sup> The first version, as published in the *Monthly Magazine*.

"Kneel downe, thy paternoster saye,  
    'Twill calm thy troubled spright:  
The Lord is wyse, the Lord is good;  
    What hee hath done is right."

"O mother, mother! say not so;  
    Most cruel is my fate:  
I prayde, and prayde; but watte awayl'd?  
    'Tis now! alas, too late."

"Our Heavenly Father if we praye,  
    Will help a suff'ring childe:  
Go take the holy sacrament;  
    So shall thy grief grow milde."

"O mother, what I feel within,  
    No sacrament can staye;  
No sacrament can teche the dead  
    To bear the sight of daye."

"May be, among the heathen folk  
    Thy William false doth prove,  
And puts away his faith and troth,  
    And takes another love."

"Then wherefore sorrow for his loss?  
    Thy moans are all in vain:  
And when his soul and body parte,  
    His falsehode brings him paine."

"O mother, mother! gone is gone:  
    My hope is all forlorne:  
The grave mie onlye safeguarde is—  
    O, had I ne'er been borne!

"Go out, go out, my lampe of life;  
    In grislie darkness die:  
There is no mercye, sure, above!  
    For ever let me lie!"

"Almighty God! O do not judge  
    My poor unhappy childe;  
She knows not what her lips pronounce,  
    Her anguish makes her wilde."

"My girl, forget thine earthly woe,  
    And think on God and bliss;  
For so, at least, shall not thy soule  
    Its heavenly bridegroom miss."

"O mother, mother! what is blisse,  
And what the fiendis<sup>181</sup> celle?  
With him 'tis heaven any where,  
Without my William, helle.

"Go out, go out, my lamp of life;  
In endless darkness die:  
Without him I must loathe the earth,<sup>182</sup>  
Without him scorne the skye."

✓ And so despaire did rave and rage  
Athwarte her boiling veins;  
Against the Providence of God  
She hurld her impious strains.

✓ She bet her breaste, and wrung her hands,  
And rolde her tearlesse eye,  
From rise of morne, till the pale stars  
Again did freeke the skye.

When harke! abroade she hearde the trampe  
Of nimble-hoofed steed;  
She hearde a knichte with clank alight,  
And climb the staire in speede.

✓ And soon she herde a tinkling hande,  
That twirled at the pin;  
And thro<sup>r</sup> her door, that open'd not,  
These words were breathed in.

"What ho! what ho! thy dore undoe;<sup>183</sup>  
Art watching or asleepe?  
My love, dost yet remember mee,  
And dost thou laugh or weep?"

"Ah, William here so late at night!  
Oh! I have wachte and wak'd:  
Whence dost thou come? For thy return  
My herte has sorely ak'd."

"At midnight only we may ride;  
I come o'er land and sea:  
I mounted late, but soone I go;  
Aryse, and come with me."

<sup>181</sup> Misprinted fiend is in *Monthly Magazine*. Lewis, reprinting in *Tales of Wonder*, changed fiendis to infernal.

<sup>182</sup> In this line him is repeated by mistake. So in first line of next stanza despaise is printed for despaire.

<sup>183</sup> The line reads What! what ho! but as the reprint in *Historic Survey* repeats ho, presumably that was intended here. Otherwise the first what was intended to serve for the first iamb, not an impossibility.

"O William, enter first my bowre,  
And give me one embrace:  
The blasts athwarte the hawthorne hiss;  
Awayte a little space."

"Tho' blasts athwarte the hawthorne hiss,  
I may not harbour here;  
My spurre is sharpe, my courser pawes,  
My houre of flighte is nere.

"All as thou lvest upon thy couch,  
Aryse, and mounte behinde;  
To-night we'le ride a thousand miles,  
The bridal bed to finde."

"How, ride to-night a thousand miles?  
Thy love thou dost bemocke:  
Eleven is the stroke that still  
Rings on within the clocke."

"Look up; the moone is bright, and we  
Outstride the earthlie men:  
I'll take thee to the bridal bed,  
And night shall end but then."

"And where is, then, thy house and home;  
And where thy bridal bed?"  
"Tis narrow, silent, chilly, dark,  
Far hence I rest my head."

"And is there any room for mee,  
Wherein that I may creepe?"

"There's room enough for thee and mee,  
Wherein that wee may sleepe.

"All as thou ly'st upon thy couch,  
Aryse, no longer stop;  
The wedding guests thy coming waite,  
The chamber dore is ope."

All in her sarke, as there she lay,  
Upon his horse she sprung:  
And with her lily hands so pale  
About her William clung.

And hurry-skurry forth they goe,  
Unheeding wet or drye;  
And horse and rider snort and blowe,  
And sparkling pebbles flye.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,  
Aright, aleft, are gone.  
The bridges thunder as they pass,  
But earthlie sowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;<sup>184</sup>

Splash, splash, across the see;

"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;

Dost feare to ride with mee?

"The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte;

Dost quake the blast to stem?

Dost shudder, mayde, to seeke the dead?"

"No, no, but what of them?

"How glumlie sownes yon dirgye song!

Night-ravens flappe the wing,

What knell doth slowlie toll ding dong?

The psalmes of death who sing?

"It creeps, the swarthie funeral traine,

The corse is onn the beere;

Like croke of todes from lonely moores,

The chaunte doth meet the eere."

"Go, bear her corse when midnight's past,

With song, and tear, and wayle;

I've gott my wife, I take her home,

My howre of wedlocke hayl.

"Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire,

To swell our nuptial song:

Come, preaste, and reade the blessing soone;

For bed, for bed we long."

They heede his calle, and husht the sowne;<sup>185</sup>

The biere was seene no more;

And followde him ore feeld and flood

Yet faster than before.

Hallo! hallo! away they goe,

Unheeding wet or drye;

And horse and rider snort and blowe,

And sparkling pebbles flye.

How swifte the hill, how swifte the dale,

Aright, aleft, are gone!

By hedge and tree, by thorpe and towne,

They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;

Splash, splash, across the see;

"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;

Dost fear to ride with mee?

<sup>184</sup> Printed speed here, but speede in other cases of this thrice repeated stanza.

<sup>185</sup> They heede is calle; presumably a misprint for his, though is for his is common enough in older writers.

"Look up, look up, an airy crewe  
In roundel daunces reele:  
The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte,  
Mayst dimlie see them wheele.

"Come to, come to, ye gostlie crew,  
Come to, and follow mee,  
And daunce for us the wedding daunce,  
When we in bed shall be."

And brush, brush, brush, the gostlie crew,  
Come wheeling ore their heads,  
All rustling like the wither'd leaves,  
That wyde the wirlwind spreads.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe,  
Unheeding wet or drye;  
And horse and rider snort and blowe,  
And sparkling pebbles flye.

And all that in the moonshyne lay,  
Behynde them fled afar;  
And backwarde scudded overhead  
The skye and every star.

Tramp, tramp, across the lande they speede;  
Splash, splash, across the sea:  
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;  
Dost fear to ride with mee?

"I weene the cock prepares to crowe;  
The sand will soon be runne:  
I snuff the earlye morning aire;  
Downe, downe! our work is done.

"The dead, the dead can ryde apace;  
Oure wed-bed here is fit:  
Our race is ridde, our journey ore,  
Our endlesse union knit."

And lo! an yren-grated gate  
Soon biggens to their viewe:  
He crackte his whyppe; the clanginge boltes,  
The doores asunder flewe.

They pass, and 'twas on graves they trode;  
" 'Tis hither we are bounde;"

And many a tombstone gostlie white  
Lay in the moonshyne round.

And when hee from his steed alytte,  
 His armour, black as cinder,  
 Did moulder, moulder all awaye,  
 As were it made of tinder.<sup>100</sup>

His head became a naked scull;  
 Nor haire nor eyne had hee.  
 His body grew a skeleton,  
 Whilome so blythe of blee.

And att his dry and boney heele  
 No spur was left to be;  
 And inn his witherde hand you might  
 The scythe and hour-glasse see.

And lo! his steede did thin to smoke,  
 And charnel fires outbreathe;  
 And pal'd, and bleach'd, then vanish'd quite  
 The mayde from underneth.

And hollow howlings hung in aire,  
 And shrekes from vaults arose.  
 Then knew the mayde she mighte no more  
 Her living eyes unclose.

But onwarde to the judgment-seat,  
 Thro' myste and moonlighte dreare,  
 The gostlie crewe their flyghte persewe,  
 And hollowe inn her eare:—

“Be patient; tho' thyne herte should breke,  
 Arrayne not Heven's decree;  
 Thou nowe art of thie bodie refte,  
 Thie soule forgiven bee!”

<sup>100</sup> In using for *Tales of Wonder* Lewis altered the last three lines to,

His armour, green with rust,  
 Which damps of charnel vaults had bred,  
 Straight fell away to dust.

This removes the single feminine ending in the rimes of Taylor's version.

## LENORE

By H. J. Pye

Lenore wakes from dreams of dread  
At the rosy dawn of day,  
"Art thou false, or art thou dead?  
William, wherefore this delay?"<sup>187</sup>  
Join'd with Frederick's host he sought,  
On Praga's bloody field, the foe;  
Since no tidings had been brought  
Of his weal, or of his woe.

Tir'd of war, the royal foes  
Bid the storm of battle cease,  
And in mutual compact close  
Terms of amity, and peace;  
Either host with jocund strain,  
Drum, and cymbals' cheering sound,  
Seek their peaceful homes again,  
All with verdant garlands crown'd.

Young and old, on every side  
Crowd the way, their friends to meet;  
Many a mother, many a bride,  
Sons, and husbands fondly greet.  
Pale and cheerless mid the rest  
Ah! the sad Lenore see!  
None to clasp thee to his breast,  
Not a glowing kiss for thee.

Now amid the warlike train  
Running swift, with tearful eye,  
All she asks, but all in vain.—  
See the lingering rear pass by!—  
Now she rends with frantic hand  
Tresses of her raven hair,  
Falling breathless on the sand,  
Agonizing in despair.

Lo! with grief her mother wild:—  
"Pitying heaven! look down with grace.—  
O my child! my dearest child!"  
And clasps her in a fond embrace.  
"Ah my mother all is o'er;  
Desert now the world will prove.—  
Heaven no mercy has in store.  
Ah my lost, my slaughter'd love!"

<sup>187</sup> In his preface Pye made a special point of having indicated the speeches of Lenore by single, the others by double quotation marks, but these have not been retained. A small number of misprints or unusual spellings have been corrected.

"Aid her, Heaven! her grief appease.—

Breathe my child a fervent prayer.  
Ever just are Heaven's decrees,  
Heaven is ever prompt to spare."

"Prayers, alas! are useless all,  
Heaven to me no mercy shows,  
Vainly I for aid should call,  
Unregarded are my woes."

"Aid, Lord! O aid! His parent sight  
Watchful guards each duteous child;  
Soon shall his high-honor'd rite  
Soothe to peace thy sorrows wild."—

"Ah! the pangs my heart that rive  
Holy rites would soothe in vain;  
Can they bid the dead revive?—  
Bid my William breathe again?"

"Hear, my child! in foreign lands  
Far away his troth he plights,  
Binds his faith by newer bands,  
Thee for newer loves he slights.—  
Unregarded let him rove,  
Short his visions of delight,  
Perjuries of treacherous love  
Heaven with vengeance will requite."

"Mother, time returns no more;  
I am wretched, lost, forlorn;  
Every hope but death is o'er,  
Woe the hour that I was born!  
Wrap me deep in night and shade,  
Far the light of life remove,  
Heaven's mercy is no more display'd,  
O my Love, my murder'd Love!"

"God of mercy! Hear! O hear!  
Frantic sorrow makes her wild;  
Judge not in thy wrath severe,  
Spare, O spare thy tortur'd child.  
O my child, forget thy woe,  
Lift to heaven thy sorrowing eye,  
Endless blessings there to know,  
Bridal joys that never die."

"Mother, what is endless bliss?  
Endless pain, what, mother?—Tell.  
All my Heaven was William's kiss,  
William's loss is all my hell.

Far the light of life remove,  
Night and horror shroud my head.  
Can I live to mourn my love?  
Can I joy when William's dead?"

Thus the frenzy of despair  
Thro her swelling veins was driven,  
Thus her madd'ning accents dare  
War against the will of heaven;  
Frantic thro' the livelong day  
Her breast she beat, her hands she wrung,  
Till Sol withdrew his golden ray,  
And heaven's high arch with stars was hung.

Thro' the stillness of the night  
Hark!—a horse—he this way bends.—  
Now she hears the rider 'light,  
Now his foot the step ascends.  
Hark!—the tinkling gate bell rung  
Now her listening senses hear.—  
Accents from a well-known tongue  
Thro' the portal reach her ear.

"Rise my love—the bar remove—  
Dost thou wake or dost thou sleep?  
Think'st thou of thy absent love?"—  
Dost thou laugh or dost thou weep?"—  
"William! Thou?—From sorrow's power  
I have learn'd to weep, and wake.  
Whence in midnight's gloomy hour,  
Whence his course does William take?"

"We can only ride by night.—  
From Bohemia's plains I come,  
Late, ah late I come, but dight  
To bear thee to my distant home."—  
"William! William! hither haste.—  
Thro' the hawthorne blows the wind,  
In my glowing arms embraced  
Rest, and warmth, my love shall find."

"Thro' the hawthorne let the winds  
Keenly blow with breath severe,  
The Courser paws, the spur he finds,  
Ah! I must not linger here.  
Lightly on the sable steed  
Come, my love,—behind me spring.  
Many a mile o'erpast with speed,  
To our bride-bed shall thee bring."

"Many a mile o'er distant ground  
Ere our nuptial couch we reach?—  
The iron bells of midnight sound,  
Soon the midnight fiends will screech."—  
"See how clear the moon's full ray,  
Soon the dead's swift course is sped.  
Long, O long ere dawn of day  
We shall reach the bridal-bed."

"Who shall tend thy nuptial bower,  
Who thy nuptial couch shall spread?"  
"Silent, cold, and small, our bower,  
Form'd of planks our nuptial bed.  
Yet for me, for thee there's space—  
Lightly on the courser bound,  
Deck'd is now our bridal place,  
Guests expecting wait around."

Won by fond affection's charm  
On the horse she lightly sprung,  
Round her love, her lily arm  
Close the love-sick virgin flung.  
On they press their rapid flight  
Swifter than the whirlwind's force,  
Struck from flints a sparkling light  
Marks the steed's unceasing course.

On the left, and on the right,  
Heaths, and meads, and fallow'd grounds,  
Seem receding from their sight;  
How each bridge they pass resounds.  
"Fears my Love?—the moon shines clear.  
Swift the course of death is sped.  
Does my Love the dead now fear?"—  
"No, ah! no!—Why name the dead?"

Hark! The solemn dirge, and knell!  
Croaking round the raven flies,—  
Hear the death song!—hear the bell.—  
See a grave fresh opened lies.  
See the sad funereal rite,  
See the coffin and the bier,  
Hear the shriek of wild affright,  
Groans of lamentation hear!

"While sounds the dirge, while death-bells ring,  
The corpse interr'd at midnight see.—  
Home my blooming bride I bring,  
You our bridal guests must be.—"

Sexton come, come with thy choir,  
Songs of love before us sing;  
O'er the couch of fond desire  
Priest thy nuptial blessing fling."

Down the sable bier was laid,  
Hush'd the knell, and hush'd the dirge.  
All his voice at once obey'd.  
All their flight behind him urge.  
On the steed still speeds his flight,  
Swifter than the whirlwind's force;  
Struck from flints the flashing light  
Distant marks his rapid course.

To the left, and to the right,  
As they pass with lightning speed,  
Mountains vanish from their sight,  
Streams, and woods, and towns recede.  
"Fears my Love?—The moon shines clear.—  
Swift the course of death is sped,—  
Does my Love the dead now fear?"—  
"Leave, ah leave at peace the dead."

Wheels, and racks, and gibbets, see  
By the pale moon's trembling glance,  
Crowding sprites, with horrid glee,  
Round the seats of terror dance:  
"Come, ye goblins! hither come,  
Hither let your footsteps tread,  
Follow to our distant home,  
Dance around our bridal-bed."

Soon they hear, and follow fast,  
Loudly murmuring as they move,  
Like the shrill autumnal blast  
Whistling thro' the wither'd grove.  
Far the steed now speeds his flight,  
Swifter than the whirlwind's force,  
Struck from flints the flashing light  
Distant marks his rapid course.

Far, shown by the moon's pale light,  
Far the distant landscape flies.  
Far, receding from their sight,  
Fly the clouds, the stars, the skies.  
"Fears my Love?—The moon shines clear.—  
Swift the course of death is sped.  
Does my Love the dead now fear?"—  
"Leave! O leave at rest the dead."

"Crows the cock—dark courser hear—  
 Soon the sand will now be run.  
 Now I scent the morning air,<sup>188</sup>  
 Sable steed, thy toil is done;—  
 Now our labour is complete;  
 Swift's the passage of the dead;  
 We have reach'd our destin'd seat,  
 Open now the nuptial bed."

Gainst an iron-grated door  
 Fierce with loosen'd rein he drives;  
 The ponderous bars resist no more,  
 Even a touch their hinges rives.  
 Over tombs with clattering sound  
 Now they urge their destin'd way;  
 Scatter'd grave-stones gleam around  
 In the wan moon's glimmering ray.

Turn, O instant turn the eye,  
 See a ghastly wonder shown!—  
 The horseman's flesh, like tinder dry,  
 Drops piecemeal from each naked bone.  
 From the skull now falls the hair,  
 Drear the death-like Phantom stands,  
 A skeleton expos'd and bare,  
 Scythe and hour-glass in his hands.

See the black steed wildly rear—  
 Sparkling streams of horrid light  
 From his snorting nostrils glare,  
 Down he sinks to endless night.—  
 On the breeze loud shrieks are borne,  
 Groan the graves with boding breath;  
 Lenore's heart by tortures torn,  
 Vibrates now 'tween life and death.

Hand in hand in fatal ring  
 By the pale moon's fading ray,  
 Demons round them dance, and sing,  
 Howling forth this dreadful lay.—  
 "Patient bear th' heart-rending blast,  
 Wage not impious war with Heaven,  
 Here on earth thy days are past.  
 Mercy to thy soul be given!"

<sup>188</sup> This, and the other imitation of Shakespeare in stanza the fifteenth, are literally translated from the original.—Note by Pye. The allusion in stanza fifteen is to the line, "Thro' the hawthorne etc., in comparison with Lear III, iv, 47: "Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind."

## LEONORA

By W. R. Spencer

From visions of disastrous love  
Leonora starts at dawn of day;  
"How long, my Wilhelm, wilt thou rove?  
Does death or falsehood cause thy stay?"  
Since he with godlike Frederick's pow'rs  
At Prague had foremost dar'd the foe,  
No tidings cheer'd her lonely hours,  
No rumor told his weal or woe.

Empress, and King, alike fatigued,  
Now bade the storm of battle cease;  
Their arms relenting friendship leagued,  
And heal'd the bleeding world with Peace.  
They sing, they shout, their cymbals clang,  
Their green wreaths wave, they come, they come;  
Each war-worn Hero comes to hang  
With trophies his long wept for home.

While from each bastion, tower, and shed,  
Their country's general blessing showers;  
Love twines for every laurel'd head,  
His garland of domestic flowers.  
How welcome husbands, sons, return'd!  
What tears, what kisses greet the brave!  
Alone poor Leonora mourn'd,  
Nor tear, nor kiss, nor welcome gave.

From rank to rank, from name to name,  
The fond inquirer trembling flew;  
But none by person or by fame,  
Aught of her gallant Wilhelm knew.  
When all the joyous bands were gone,  
Aghast she tore her raven hair;  
On the cold earth she cast her down,  
Convuls'd with frenzy and despair.

In haste th' affrighted mother flew,  
And round her clasp'd her aged arms:  
"Oh, God! her griefs with mercy view,  
Oh, calm her constant heart's alarms!"  
"Oh, mother! past is past; 'tis o'er;  
Nor joy, nor world, nor hope I see;  
Thy God my anguish hears no more,  
Alas, alas! Oh, woe is me!"

"Oh, hear, great God! with pity hear!  
My child, thy prayer to Heaven address;  
God does all well; 'tis ours to bear;  
God gives, but God relieves distress."  
"All trust in Heaven is weak and frail;  
God ill, not well, by me has done;  
I pray'd, while prayers could yet avail;  
Nor prayers are vain, for Wilhelm's gone."

"Oh, ever in affliction's hour  
The Father hears his children's cry;  
His blessed sacraments shall pour  
True comfort o'er thy misery."  
"Oh, mother, pangs like mine that burn,  
What sacrament can e'er allay?  
What sacrament can bid return  
Life's spirit to the mouldering clay?"

"But if, my child, in distant lands,  
Unmindful of his plighted vows,  
Thy false one courts another's bands,  
Fresh kisses, and a newer spouse,  
Why let the perjured rover go;  
No blessings shall his new love bring,  
And when death lays his body low,  
Thy wrongs his guilty soul shall sting."

"My pangs no cure nor comfort crave;  
Joy, hope, and life, alike I scorn;  
My hope is death, my joy the grave,  
Curs'd be the day that saw me born!  
Sink, sink, detested vital flame,  
Sink in the starless night of death:  
Not God's, but Wilhelm's darling name  
Shall falter from my parting breath!"

"Judge not, great God! this erring child,  
No guilt her bosom dwells within;  
Her thoughts are craz'd, her words are wild;  
Arm not for her the death of sin!  
Oh, child; forget they mortal love,  
Think of God's bliss and mercies sweet;  
So shall thy soul, in realms above,  
A bright eternal Bridegroom meet."

"Oh, mother! what is God's sweet bliss?  
Oh, mother, mother! what is hell?  
With Wilhelm there is only bliss,  
And without Wilhelm only Hell!"

O'er this torn heart, o'er these sad eyes,  
Let the still grave's long midnight reign;  
Unless my love that bliss supplies,  
Nor earth, nor heaven can bliss contain."

Thus did the demons of despair  
Her wildered sense to madness strain,  
Thus did her impious clamours dare  
Eternal Wisdom to arraign.  
She beat her breast, her hands she wrung,  
Till westward sunk the car of light,  
And countless stars in air were hung  
To gem the matron weeds of night.

Hark! with high tread, the prancings proud,  
A war horse shakes the rattling gate:  
Clattering his clanking armour loud,  
Alights a horseman at the grate:  
And, hark! the door bell gently rings,  
What sounds are those we faintly hear?  
The night breeze in low murmur brings  
These words to Leonora's ear.

"Holla, holla! my wife, my love!  
Does Leonora watch or sleep?  
Still does her heart my vows approve?  
Does Leonora smile or weep?"  
"Wilhelm, thou! these eyes for thee  
Fever'd with tearful vigils burn;  
Aye fear, and woe, have dwelt with me,  
Oh, why so late thy wish'd return?"

"At dead of night alone we ride,  
From Prague's far distant field I come;  
'Twas late ere I could 'gin bestride  
This coal black barb, to bear me home."  
"Oh, rest thee first, my Wilhelm, here!  
Bleak roars the blast through vale and grove;  
Oh come, thy war-worn limbs to cheer  
On the soft couch of joy and love!"

"Let the bleak blast, my child, roar on,  
Let it roar on; we dare not stay:  
My fierce steed maddens to be gone,  
My spurs are set; away, away.  
Mount by thy true love's guardian side;  
We should ere this full far have sped;  
Five hundred destined miles we ride  
This night, to reach our nuptial bed."

"Our nuptial bed, this night so dark,  
So late, five hundred miles to roam?  
Yet sounds the bell, which struck, to mark  
That in one hour would midnight come."  
"See there, see here, the moon shines clear,  
We and the dead ride fast away;  
I gage, though long our way, and drear,  
We reach our nuptial bed to-day."

"Say where the bed, and bridal hall?  
What guests our blissful union greet?"  
Low lies the bed, still, cold, and small;  
Six dark boards, and one milk white sheet."  
"Hast room for me?" "Room, room enow;  
Come mount; strange hands our feast prepare;  
To grace the solemn rite, e'en now  
No common bridesmen wait us there."

Loose was her zone, her breast unveil'd,  
All wild her shadowy tresses hung;  
O'er fear confiding love prevail'd,  
As lightly on the barb she sprung.  
Like wind the bounding courser flies,  
Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;  
Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rise,  
And horse and horseman pant for breath.

How swift, how swift from left and right  
The racing fields and hills recede;  
Bourns, bridges, rocks, that cross their flight,  
In thunders echo to their speed.  
"Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;  
Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!  
The dead does Leonora fear?"  
"Ah, no; but talk not of the dead."

What accents slow, of wail and woe,  
Have made yon shrieking raven soar?  
The death bell beats! the dirge repeats,  
"This dust to parent dust restore."  
Blackened the night, a funeral train  
On a cold bier a coffin brings;  
Their slow pace measur'd to a strain  
Sad as the saddest nightbird sings.

"This dust to dust restore, what time  
The midnight dews o'er graves are shed;  
Meanwhile of brides the flower and prime  
I carry to our nuptial bed.

Sexton, thy sable minstrels bring!  
Come, priest, the eternal bonds to bless!  
All in deep groans or spousals sing,  
Ere we the genial pillow press."

The bier, the coffin, disappear'd,  
The dirge in distant echoes died,  
Quick sounds of viewless steps are heard  
Hurrying the coal-black barb beside.  
Like wind the bounding courser flies,  
Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;  
Dust, stones, and sparks in whirlwind rise,  
And horse and horseman pant for breath.

Mountains and trees, on left and right,  
Swam backward from their aching view;  
With speed that mock'd the labouring sight  
Towns, villages, and castles flew.  
"Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;  
Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!  
The dead does Leonora fear?"  
"Oh, leave, oh, leave in peace the dead!"

See, where fresh blood-gouts mat the green,  
Yon wheel its reeking points advance;  
There, by the moon's wan light half seen,  
Grim ghosts of tombless murderers dance.  
"Come, spectres of the guilty dead,  
With us your goblin morris ply,  
Come all in festive dance to tread,  
Ere on the bridal couch we lie."

Forward th' obedient phantoms push,  
Their trackless footsteps rustle near,  
In sounds like autumn winds that rush  
Through withering oak or beech-wood sere.  
With lightning's force the courier flies,  
Earth shakes his thund'ring hoofs beneath,  
Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rise,  
And horse and horseman pant for breath.

Swift roll the moonlight scenes away,  
Hills chasing hills successive fly;  
E'en stars that pave th' eternal way,  
Seem shooting to a backward sky.  
"Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;  
Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!  
The dead does Leonora fear?"  
"Oh God! oh leave, oh leave the dead!"

"Barb! barb! methinks the cock's shrill horn  
Warns that our sand is nearly run:  
Barb! barb! I scent the gales of morn,  
Haste, that our course be timely done.  
Our course is done; our sand is run!  
The nuptial bed the bride attends;  
This night the dead have swiftly sped;  
Here, here, our midnight travel ends!"

Full at a portal's massy grate  
The plunging steed impetuous dash'd:  
At the dread shock, wall, bars, and gate,  
Hurl'd down with headlong ruin crash'd.  
Thin, sheeted phantoms gibbering glide  
O'er paths, with bones and fresh skulls strewn,  
Charnels and tombs on every side  
Gleam dimly to the blood red moon.

Lo, while the night's dread glooms increase,  
All chang'd the wondrous horseman stood,  
His crumbling flesh fell piece by piece,  
Like ashes from consuming wood.  
Shrunk to a skull his pale head glares,  
High ridg'd his eyeless sockets stand,  
All bone his length'ning form appears;  
A dart gleams deadly from his hand.

The fiend horse snorts; blue fiery flakes  
Collected roll his nostrils round;  
High rear'd, his bristling mane he shakes,  
And sinks beneath the rending ground.  
Demons the thundering clouds bestride,  
Ghosts yell the yawning tombs beneath;  
Leonora's heart, its life-blood dried,  
Hangs quiv'ring on the dart of death.

Throng'd in the moon's eclipsing shade,  
Of fiends and shapes a spectre crown  
Dance featly round th' expiring maid,  
And howl this awful lesson loud:  
"Learn patience, though thy heart should break,  
Nor seek God's mandates to controul!  
Now this cold earth thy dust shall take,  
And Heav'n relenting take thy soul!"

## WILLIAM AND HELEN

By Walter Scott

From heavy dreams fair Helen rose  
And ey'd the dawning red:  
"Alas, my love, thou tarriest long;  
O, art thou false or dead?"

With gallant Fred'rick's princely power  
He sought the bold crusade;  
But not a word from Judah's wars  
Told Helen how he sped.

With Paynim and with Saracen  
At length a truce was made,  
And ev'ry knight return'd to dry  
The tears his love had shed.

Our gallant host was homeward bound  
With many a song of joy;  
Green wav'd the laurel in each plume,  
The badge of victory.

And old and young, and sire and son,  
To meet them crowd the way.  
With shouts, and mirth, and melody,  
The debt of love to pay.

Full many a maid her true love met,  
And sobb'd in his embrace,  
And flutt'ring joy in tears and smiles  
Array'd full many a face.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad;  
She sought the host in vain;  
For none could tell her William's fate,  
If faithless, or if slain.

The martial band is passed and gone;  
She rends her raven hair,  
And in distraction's bitter mood  
She weeps with wild despair.

"O rise, my child," her mother said,  
Nor sorrow thus in vain;  
A perjur'd lover's fleeting heart  
No tears recall again."

"O mother, what is gone, is gone,  
What's lost, for ever lorn:  
Death, death alone can comfort me;  
O had I ne'er been born!

"O break, my heart, O break at once!  
Drink my life-blood, Despair.  
No joy remains on earth for me,  
For me in heaven no share."

"O enter not in judgment, Lord!"  
The pious mother prays;  
"Impute not guilt to thy frail child!  
She knows not what she says.

"O say thy pater noster, child!  
O turn to God and grace!  
His will that turn'd thy bliss to bale  
Can change thy bale to bliss."

"O mother, mother! what is bliss?  
O mother, what is bale?  
My William's love was heaven on earth,  
Without it earth is hell.

"Why should I pray to ruthless Heav'n,  
Since my lov'd William's slain?  
I only pray'd for William's sake,  
And all my pray'rs were vain."

"O take the sacrament, my child,  
And check these tears that flow;  
By resignation's humble pray'r,  
O hallow'd be thy woe;"

"No sacrament can quench this fire,  
Or slake this scorching pain:  
No sacrament can bid the dead  
Arise and live again.

"O break, my heart, O break at once!  
Be thou my god, despair!  
Heav'n's heaviest blow has fall'n on me,  
And vain each fruitless pray'r."

"O enter not in judgment, Lord,  
With thy frail child of clay;  
She knows not what her tongue has spoke;  
Impute it not, I pray!

"Forbear, my child, this desp'rate woe,  
And turn to God and grace;  
Well can devotion's heav'nly glow  
Convert thy bale to bliss."

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?  
O mother, what is bale?  
Without my William what were heav'n,  
Or with him what were hell?"

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,  
Upbraids each sacred pow'r,  
Till spent, she sought her silent room  
All in the lonely tower.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,  
Till sun and day were o'er,  
And through the glimm'ring lattice shone  
The twinkling of the star.

Then crash! the heavy draw-bridge fell,  
That o'er the moat was hung;  
And clatter! clatter! on its boards  
The hoof of courser rung.

The clank of echoing steel was heard  
As off the rider bounded;  
And slowly on the winding stair  
A heavy footstep sounded.

And hark! and hark! a knock—Tap! tap!  
A rustling stifled noise:—  
Doorlatch and tinkling staples ring;—  
At length a whisp'ring voice.

"Awake, awake, arise my love!  
How, Helen, dost thou fare?  
Wak'st thou, or sleep'st? laugh'tst thou, or weep'st?  
Hast thought on me, my fair?"

"My love! my love!—so late by night!—  
I wak'd, I wept for thee;  
Much have I borne since dawn of morn:—  
Where, William, could'st thou be?"

"We saddled late—From Hungary  
I rode since darkness fell;  
And to its bourne we both return  
Before the matin bell."

"O rest this night within my arms,  
And warm thee in their fold!  
Chill howls through hawthorn bush the wind;—  
My love is deadly cold."

"Let the wind howl through hawthorn bush!  
This night we must away;  
The steed is wight, the spur is bright;  
I cannot stay till day.

"Busk, busk, and boune! Thou mount'st behind  
Upon my black barb steed:  
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,  
We haste to bridal bed."

"To-night—to-night a hundred miles;—  
O dearest William, stay!  
The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour!  
O wait, my love, till day!"

"Look here, look here—the moon shines clear—  
Full fast I ween we ride;  
Mount and away! for ere the day  
We reach our bridal bed.

"The black barb snorts, the bridle rings;  
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee!  
The feast is made, the chamber spread,  
The bridal guests await thee."

Strong love prevail'd: She busks, she bouns,  
She mounts the barb behind,  
And round her darling William's waist  
Her lily arms she twin'd.

And hurry! hurry! off they rode,  
As fast as fast might be;  
Spurn'd from the courser's thundering heels  
The flashing pebbles flee.

And on the right, and on the left,  
Ere they could snatch a view,  
Fast, fast each mountain, mead and plain,  
And cot and castle flew.

"Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines clear—  
Fleet rides my barb—keep hold!  
Fear'st thou?"—"O no!" she faintly said;  
"But why so stern and cold?"

What yonder rings? what yonder sings?  
Why shrieks the owlet gray?"

"'Tis death bells' clang, 'tis funeral song,  
The body to the clay.

"With song and clang, at morrow's dawn,  
Ye may inter the dead:  
To-night I ride, with my young bride,  
To deck our bridal bed.

"Come with thy choir, thou coffin'd guest,  
To swell our nuptial song!  
Come priest, to bless our marriage feast!  
Come all, come all along!"

Ceas'd clang and song; down sunk the bier;  
The shrouded corpse arose:  
And hurry, hurry! all the train  
The thund'ring steed pursues.

And forward; forward! on they go;  
High snorts the straining steed;  
Thick pants the rider's labouring breath,  
As headlong on they speed.

"O William, why this savage haste?  
And where thy bridal bed?"  
"'Tis distant far."—"Still short and stern?"  
"'Tis narrow, trustless maid."

"No room for me?"—"Enough for both;—  
Speed, speed, my Barb, thy course;"  
O'er thund'ring bridge, through boiling surge,  
He drove the furious horse.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,  
Splash! Splash! along the sea;  
The steed is wight, the spur is bright,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

Fled past on right and left how fast  
Each forest, grove, and bower;  
On right and left fled past how fast  
Each city, town, and tower.

"Dost fear? dost fear?—The moon shines clear;—  
Dost fear to ride with me?—  
Hurrah! hurrah! The dead can ride!"  
"O William, let them be!

"See there, see there! What yonder swings  
And creaks 'mid whistling rain?"  
"Gibbet and steel, th' accursed wheel;  
A murd'rer and his chain.

"Hollo! thou felon, follow here:  
To bridal bed we ride;  
And thou shalt prance a fetter dance  
Before me and my bride."

And hurry, hurry; clash, clash, clash!  
The wasted form descends;  
And fleet as wind through hazel-bush  
The wild career attends.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,  
Splash! splash! along the sea;  
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

How fled what moonshine faintly show'd!  
How fled what darkness hid!  
How fled the earth beneath their feet!  
The heav'n above their head!

"Dost fear? dost fear?—The moon shines clear.  
And well the dead can ride;  
Does faithful Helen fear for them?"  
"O leave in peace the dead!"

"Barb! barb! methinks I hear the cock;  
The sand will soon be run:  
Barb! barb! I smell the morning air;  
The race is well nigh done."

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,  
Splash! splash! along the sea;  
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

"Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the dead;  
The bride, the bride is come!  
And soon we reach the bridal bed,  
For, Helen, here's my home."

Reluctant on its rusty hinge  
Revolv'd an iron door,  
And by the pale moon's setting beam  
Were seen a church and tow'r.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round  
The birds of midnight, scared;  
And rustling like autumnal leaves  
Unhallow'd ghosts were heard.

O'er many a tomb and tomb-stone pale  
He spurr'd the fiery horse,  
Till sudden at an open grave  
He check'd the wondrous course.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,  
Down drops the casque of steel,  
The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,  
The spur his gory heel.

The eyes desert the naked skull,  
The mould'ring flesh the bone,  
Till Helen's lily arms entwine  
A ghastly skeleton.

The furious barb snorts fire and foam;  
And with a fearful bound  
Dissolves at once in empty air,  
And leaves her on the ground.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,  
Pale spectres fleet along;  
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,  
And howl the fun'ral song:

"E'en when the heart 's with anguish cleft,  
Revere the doom of Heav'n.  
Her soul is from her body reft;  
Her spirit be forgiv'n."

## ELLENORE

By William Taylor <sup>180</sup>

At break of day from frightful dreams  
 Upstartd Ellenore:  
 My William, art thou slayn, she sayde,  
 Or dost thou love no more?

He went abroad with Richard's host  
 The paynim foes to quell;  
 But he no word to her had writt,  
 An he were sick or well.

With blore of trump and thump of drum  
 His fellow-soldyers come,  
 Their helms bedeckt with oaken boughs,  
 They seeke their long'd-for home.

And evry road and evry lane  
 Was full of old and young  
 To gaze at the rejoycing band,  
 To haile with gladsom tounge.

"Thank God!" their wives and children sayde,  
 "Welcome!" the brides did saye;  
 But grief or kiss gave Ellenore  
 To none upon that daye.

And when the soldyers all were bye,  
 She tore her raven hair,  
 And cast herself upon the growne,  
 In furious despair.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,  
 And clasped her in her arm,  
 "My child, my child, what dost thou ail?  
 God shield thy life from harm!"

"O mother, mother! William's gone  
 What's all besyde to me?  
 There is no mercie, sure, above!  
 All, all were spar'd but he!"

"Kneele downe, thy paternoster saye,  
 'T will calm thy troubled spright:  
 The Lord is wise, the Lord is good;  
 What He hath done is right."

<sup>180</sup> As printed in Taylor's *Historic Survey of German Poetry* II, 40-51, no edition of the original issue being known to exist.

"O mother, mother! saye not so;  
Most cruel is my fate:  
I prayde, and prayde; but watte awaylde?  
'T is now, alas! too late."

"Our Heavenly Father, if we praye,  
Will help a suffring child:  
Go take the holy sacrament;  
So shall thy grief grow mild."

'O mother, what I feele within,  
No sacrament can staye;  
No sacrament can teche the dead  
To bear the sight of daye."

"May-be, among the heathen folk  
Thy William false doth prove,  
And put away his faith and troth,  
And take another love.

"Then wherefor sorrowe for his loss?  
Thy moans are all in vain:  
But when his soul and body parte,  
His falsehode brings him pain."

"O mother, mother! gone is gone:  
My hope is all forlorn;  
The grave my only safeguard is—  
O had I ne'er been born!

"Go out, go out, my lamp of life;  
In grizely darkness die:  
There is no mercie, sure, above.  
Forever let me lie."

"Almighty God! O do not judge  
My poor unhappy child;  
She knows not what her lips pronounce,  
Her anguish makes her wild.

"My girl, forget thine earthly woe,  
And think on God and bliss;  
For so, at least shall not thy soul  
Its heavenly bridegroom miss."

"O mother, mother! what is bliss,  
And what the fiendis cell?  
With him 'tis heaven any where,  
Without my William, hell.

"Go out, go out, my lamp of life,  
In endless darkness die:  
Without him I must loathe the earth,  
Without him scorn the skie."

And so despair did rave and rage  
Athwarte her boiling veins;  
Against the Providence of God  
She hurld her impious strains.

She bet her breast, and wrung her hands,  
And rolld her tearless eye,  
From rise of morn, til the pale stars  
Again orespread the skye.

When harken! abroad she herde the tramp  
Of nimble-hoofed steed;  
She herde a knight with clank alighte,  
And climbe the stair in speed.

And soon she herde a tinkling hand,  
That twirled at the pin;  
And thro her door, that opened not,  
These words were breathed in.

"What ho! what ho! thy door undo;  
Art watching or asleepe?  
My love, dost yet remember me,  
And dost thou laugh or weepe?"

"Ah! William here so late at night!  
Oh! I have wachte and wak'd:  
Whense art thou come? For thy return  
My heart has sorely ak'd."

"At midnight only we may ride;  
I come ore land and see:  
I mounted late, but soone I go;  
Aryse, and come with mee."

"O William, enter first my bowre,  
And give me one embrace:  
The blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss;  
Awayte a little space."

"Tho blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss,  
I may not harbour here;  
My spurs are sett, my courser pawes,  
My hour of flight is nere.

"All as thou lvest upon thy couch,  
Aryse, and mount behinde;  
To-night we'll ride a thousand miles,  
The bridal bed to finde."

"How, ride to-night a thousand miles?  
Thy love thou dost bemock:  
Eleven is the stroke that still  
Rings on within the clock."

"Looke up; the moon is bright, and we  
Outstride the earthly men:  
I'll take thee to the bridal bed,  
And night shall end but then."

"And where is then thy house, and home,  
And bridal bed so meet?"

" 'Tis narrow, silent, chilly, low,  
Six planks, one shrouding sheet."

"And is there any room for me,  
Wherein that I may creepe?"

"There's room enough for thee and me,  
Wherein that we may sleepe.

"All as thou lvest upon thy couch,  
Aryse, no longer stop;  
The wedding-guests thy coming wayte,  
The chamber-door is ope."

All in her sarke, as there she lay,  
Upon his horse she sprung;  
And with her lily hands so pale  
About her William clung.

And hurry-skurry off they go,  
Unheeding wet or dry;  
And horse and rider snort and blow,  
And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,  
Aright, aleft, are gone.  
The bridges thunder as they pass,  
But earthly sowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;  
Splash, splash, across the see:  
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;  
Dost fear to ride with me?"

"The moon is bright, and blue the night;  
Dost quake the blast to stem?  
Dost shudder, mayd, to seeke the dead?"  
"No, no, but what of them?"

How glumly sownes yon dirgy song!  
Night-ravens flappe the wing.  
What knell doth slowly tolle ding dong?  
The psalms of death who sing?

Fourth creeps a swarthy funeral train,  
A corse is on the biere;  
Like croke of todes from lonely moores,  
The chauntings meete the eere.

"Go, beare her corse when midnight's past,  
With song, and tear, and wail;  
I've gott my wife, I take her home,  
My hour of wedlock hail!

"Leade forth, O clark, the chaunting quire,  
To swell our spousal-song:  
Come, preest, and reade the blessing soone;  
For our dark bed we long."

The bier is gon, the dirges hush;  
His bidding all obaye,  
And headlong rush thro briar and bush,  
Beside his speedy waye.

Halloo! halloo! how swift they go,  
Unheeding wet or dry;  
And horse and rider snort and blow,  
And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the hill, how swift the dale,  
Aright, aleft, are gon!  
By hedge and tree, by thorp and town,  
They gallop, gallop on:

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;  
Splash, splash, across the see:  
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;  
Dost feare to ride with mee?

"Look up, look up, an airy crew  
In roundel dances reele:  
The moon is bright, and blue the night,  
Mayst dimly see them wheele.

"Come to, come to, ye ghostly crew,  
Come to, and follow me,  
And daunce for us the wedding daunce,  
When we in bed shall be."

And brush, brush, brush, the ghostly crew,  
Came wheeling ore their heads,  
All rustling like the witherd leaves  
That wide the whirlwind spreads.

Halloo! halloo! away they go,  
Unheeded wet or dry;  
And horse and rider snort and blow,  
And sparkling pebbles fly.

And all that in the moonshyne lay,  
Behind them fled afar;  
And backward scudded overhead  
The skie and every star.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;  
Splash, splash, across the see:  
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;  
Dost fear to ride with mee?"

"I weene the cock prepares to crowe;  
The sand will soone be run:  
I snuffe the early morning air;  
Downe, downe! our work is done.

"The dead, the dead can ride apace:  
Our wed-bed here is fit:  
Our race is ridden, our journey ore,  
Our endless union knit."

And lo! an yron-grated gate  
Soon biggens to their view:  
He crackde his whyppe; the locks, the bolts,  
Cling, clang! asunder flew.

They passe, and 'twas on graves they trodde;  
" 'Tis hither we are bound:"  
And many a tombstone ghastly white  
Lay in the moonshyne round.

And when he from his steed alytte,  
His armure, black as cinder,  
Did moulder, moulder all awaye,  
As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked skull;  
Nor hair nor eyne had he:  
His body grew a skeleton,  
Whilome so blithe of ble.

And at his dry and boney heel  
No spur was left to bee;  
And in his witherd hand you might  
The scythe and hour-glass see.

And lo! his steed did thin to smoke,  
And charnel-fires outbreathe;  
And pal'd, and bleachde, then vanishde quite  
The mayd from underneathe.

And hollow howlings hung in air,  
And shrekes from vaults arose:  
Then knewe the mayd she might no more  
Her living eyes uncloze.

But onward to the judgment-seat,  
Thro' mist and moonlight dreare,  
The ghostly crew their flight persewe,  
And hollowe in her eare:

"Be patient; tho thyne heart should breke,  
Arrayne not Heaven's decree;  
Thou nowe art of thy bodie reft,  
Thy soul forgiven bee!"

## LENORE.

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GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

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LENORE fuhr um's Morgenroth  
Empor aus schweren Träumen:  
"Bist untreu, Wilhelm, oder todt?  
Wie lange willst du säumen?"  
Er war mit König Friedrichs Macht  
Gezogen in die Prager Schlacht,  
Und hatte nicht geschrieben:  
Ob er gesund geblieben.

Der König und die Kaiserinn,  
Des langen Haders müde,  
Erweichten ihren harten Sinn  
Und machten endlich Friede;  
Und jedes Heer, mit Sing und Sang,  
Mit Paukenschlag und Kling und Klang,  
Geschmückt mit grünen Reisern,  
Zog heim zu seinen Häusern.

Und überall all überall,  
Auf Wegen und auf Stegen,  
Zog alt und jung dem Jubelschall'  
Der Kommenden entgegen.  
Gottlob! rief Kind und Gattinn laut,  
Willkommen! manche frohe Braut.  
Ach! aber für Lenoren  
War Gruss und Kuss verloren.

Sie frug den Zug wohl auf und ab,  
Und frug nach allen Nahmen;  
Doch keiner war, der Kundschaft gab,  
Von allen, so da kamen.  
Als nun das Heer vorüber war,  
Zerraupte sie ihr Rabenhaar  
Und warf sich hin zur Erde,  
Mit wüthiger Geberde.

Die Mutter lief wohl hin zu ihr:—  
"Ach, dass sich Gott erbarme!  
Du trautes Kind, was ist mit dir?"—  
Und schloss sie in die Arme.—

"O Mutter, Mutter! hin ist hin!  
 Nun fahre Welt und alles hin!  
 Bey Gott ist kein Erbarmen.  
 O weh, o weh mir Armen!"—

"Hilf Gott, hilf! Sieh uns gnädig an!  
 Kind, bet' ein Vaterunser!  
 Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan!  
 Gott, Gott erbarmt sich unser!"—  
 "O Mutter, Mutter! Eitler Wahn!  
 Gott hat an mir nicht wohl gethan!  
 Was half, was half mein Beten?  
 Nun ist's nicht mehr vonnöthen."—

"Hilf Gott, hilf! wer den Vater kennt,  
 Der weiss, er hilft den Kindern.  
 Das hochgelobte Sacrament  
 Wird deinen Jammer lindern."—  
 "O Mutter, Mutter! was mich brennt,  
 Das lindert mir kein Sacrament!  
 Kein Sacrament mag Leben  
 Den Todten wiedergeben."—

"Hör', Kind! wie, wenn der falsche Mann,  
 Im fernen Ungerlande,  
 Sich seines Glaubens abgethan,  
 Zum neuen Ehebande?  
 Lass fahren, Kind, sein Hertz dahin!  
 Er hat es nimmermehr Gewinn!  
 Wann Seel' und Leib sich trennen,  
 Wird ihn sein Meineid brennen."—

"O Mutter, Mutter! Hin ist hin!  
 Verloren ist verloren!  
 Der Tod, der Tod ist mein Gewinn!  
 O wär' ich nie geboren!  
 Lisch aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus!  
 Stirb hin, stirb hin in Nacht und Graus!  
 Bey Gott ist kein Erbarmen.  
 O weh, o weh mir Armen!"—

"Hilf Gott, hilf! Geh' nicht in's Gericht  
 Mit deinem armen Kinde!  
 Sie weiss nicht, was die Zunge spricht.  
 Behalt ihr nicht die Sünde!  
 Ach, Kind, vergiss dein irdisch Leid,  
 Und denk' an Gott und Seligkeit!  
 So wird doch deiner Seelen  
 Der Bräutigam nicht fehlen."—

"O Mutter! Was ist Seligkeit?  
 O Mutter! Was ist Hölle?  
 Bey ihm, bey ihm ist Seligkeit,  
 Und ohne Wilhelm Hölle!—  
 Lisch aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus!  
 Stirb hin, stirb hin in Nacht und Graus!  
 Ohn' ihn mag ich auf Erden,  
 Mag dort nicht selig werden."

So wüthete Verzweiflung  
 Ihr in Gehirn und Adern.  
 Sie fuhr mit Gottes Vorsehung  
 Vermessen fort zu hadern;  
 Zerschlug den Busen und zerrang  
 Die Hand, bis Sonnenuntergang,  
 Bis auf am Himmelsbogen  
 Die goldnen Sterne zogen.

Und aussen, horch'! ging's trap trap trap,  
 Als wie von Rosseshufen;  
 Und klirrend stieg ein Reiter ab,  
 An des Geländers Stufen;  
 Und horch'! und horch'! den Pfortenring  
 Ganz lose, leise, klinglingling!  
 Dann kamen durch die Pforte  
 Vernehmlich diese Worte:

"Holla, Holla! Thu' auf, mein Kind!  
 Schläfst, Liebchen, oder wachst du?  
 Wie bist noch gegen mich gesinnt?  
 Und weinst oder lachst du?"—  
 "Ach, Wilhelm, du?— So spät bey Nacht?—  
 Geweinet hab' ich und gewacht;  
 Ach, grosses Leid erlitten!  
 Wo kommst du hergeritten?"—

"Wir satteln nur um Mitternacht.  
 Weit ritt ich her von Böhmen.  
 Ich habe spät mich aufgemacht,  
 Und will dich mit mir nehmen."—  
 "Ach, Wilhelm, erst herein geschwind!  
 Den Hagedorn durchsaust der Wind,  
 Herein, in meinen Armen,  
 Herzliebster, zu erwarmen!"—

"Lass sausen durch den Hagedorn,  
 Lass sausen, Kind, lass sausen!  
 Der Rappe scharrt; es klirrt der Sporn.  
 Ich darf allhier nicht hausen.

Komm, schürze, spring' und schwinde dich  
 Auf meinen Rappen hinter mich!  
 Muss heut' noch hundert Meilen  
 Mit dir in's Brautbett' eilen."—

"Ach! wolltest hundert Meilen noch  
 Mich heut' in's Brautbett' tragen?  
 Und horch'! es brummt die Glocke noch,  
 Die elf schon angeschlagen."—  
 "Sieh hin, sieh her! der Mond scheint hell.  
 Wir und die Todten reiten schnell.  
 Ich bringe dich, zur Wette,  
 Noch heut' in's Hochzeitbette."—

"Sag' an, wo ist dein Kämmerlein?  
 Wo? Wie dein Hochzeitbettchen?"—  
 "Weit, weit von hier!— Still, kühl und klein!—  
 Sechs Bretter und zwey Brettchen!—  
 "Hat's Raum für mich?"—"Für dich und mich!  
 Komm, schürze, spring' und schwinde dich!  
 Die Hochzeitgäste hoffen;  
 Die Kammer steht uns offen."—

Schön Liebchen schürzte, sprang und schwang  
 Sich auf das Ross behende;  
 Wohl um den trauten Reiter schlang  
 Sie ihre Liljenhände;  
 Und hurre hurre, hop hop hop!  
 Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp,  
 Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben,  
 Und Kies und Funken stoben.

Zur rechten und zur linken Hand,  
 Vorbey vor ihren Blicken,  
 Wie flogen Anger, Heid' und Land!  
 Wie donnerten die Brücken!—  
 "Graut Liebchen auch?— Der Mond scheint hell!  
 Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!  
 Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?"—  
 "Ach nein!— Doch lass die Todten!"—

Was klang dort für Gesang und Klang?  
 Was flatterten die Raben?—  
 Horch', Glockenklang! horch', Todtensang:  
 "Lasst uns den Leib begraben!"  
 Und näher zog ein Leichenzug,  
 Der Sarg und Todtenbahre trug.  
 Das Lied war zu vergleichen  
 Dem Unkenruf' in Teichen.

"Nach Mitternacht begrabt den Leib,  
 Mit Klang und Sang und Klage!  
 Jetzt führ' ich heim mein junges Weib;  
 Mit, mit zum Brautgelage!  
 Komm, Küster, hier! Komm mit dem Chor',  
 Und gurgle mir das Brautlied vor!  
 Komm, Pfaff', und sprich den Segen,  
 Eh' wir zu Bett uns legen!"—

Still,' Klang and Sang. — Die Bahre schwand. —  
 Gehorsam seinem Rufen,  
 Kam's hurre hurre! nachgerannt,  
 Hart hinter's Rappen Hufen.  
 Und immer weiter, hop hop hop!  
 Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp',  
 Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben,  
 Und Kies und Funken stoben.

Wie flogen rechts, wie flogen links  
 Gebirge, Bäum' und Hecken!  
 Wie flogen links, und rechts, und links  
 Die Dörfer, Städt' und Flecken! —  
 "Graut Liebchen auch? — Der Mond scheint hell!  
 Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!  
 Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?" —  
 "Ach! Lass sie ruhn, die Todten!" —

Sieh da! sieh da! Am Hochgericht'  
 Tanz' um des Rades Spindel  
 Halb sichtbarlich, bey Mondenlicht,  
 Ein luftiges Gesindel. —  
 "Sasa! Gesindel, hier! Komm hier!  
 Gesindel, komm und folge mir!  
 Tanz' uns den Hochzeitreigen,  
 Wann wir zu Bette steigen!" —

Und das Gesindel husch husch husch!  
 Kam hinten nachgeprasselt,  
 Wie Wirbelwind am Haselbusch'  
 Durch dürre Blätter rasselt.  
 Und weiter, weiter, hop hop hop!  
 Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp',  
 Das Ross und Reiter schnoben,  
 Und Kies und Funken stoben.

Wie flog, was rund der Mond beschien,  
 Wie flog es in die Ferne!  
 Wie flogen oben über hin  
 Der Himmel und die Sterne! —

"Graut Liebchen auch? — Der Mond scheint hell!  
Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!  
Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?" —  
"O weh! Lass ruhn die Todten!" — — —

"Rapp'! Rapp'! Mich dünkt, der Hahn schon ruft. —  
Bald wird der Sand verrinnen —  
Rapp'! Rapp'! Ich wittre Morgenluft —  
Rapp'! Tummle dich von hinnen! —  
Vollbracht, vollbracht ist unser Lauf!  
Das Hochzeitbette thut sich auf!  
Die Todten reiten schnelle!  
Wir sind, wir sind zur Stelle." — — —

Rasch auf ein eisern Gitterthor  
Ging's mit verhängtem Zügel.  
Mit schwanker Gert' ein Schlag davor  
Zersprengte Schloss und Riegel.  
Die Flügel flogen klirrend auf,  
Und über Gräber ging der Lauf.  
Es blinkten Leichensteine  
Rund um im Mondenscheine.

Ha sieh! Ha sieh! im Augenblick',  
Huhu! ein grässlich Wunder!  
Des Reiters Koller, Stück für Stück,  
Fiel ab, wie mürber Zunder.  
Zum Schädel, ohne Zopf und Schopf,  
Zum nackten Schädel ward sein Kopf;  
Sein Körper zum Gerippe,  
Mit Stundenglas und Hippe.

Hoch bäumte sich, wild schnob der Rapp'  
Und sprühte Feuerfunken;  
Und hui! war's unter ihr hinab  
Verschwunden und versunken.  
Geheul! Geheul aus hoher Luft,  
Gewinsel kam aus tiefer Gruft.  
Lenorens Herz, mit Beben,  
Rang zwischen Tod und Leben.

Nun tanzten wohl bey Mondenglanz,  
Rund um herum im Kreise,  
Die Geister einen Kettentanz,  
Und heulten diese Weise:  
"Geduld! Geduld! Wenn's Herz auch bricht!  
Mit Gott im Himmel hadre nicht!  
Des Leibes bist du ledig;  
Gott sei der Seele gnädig!"

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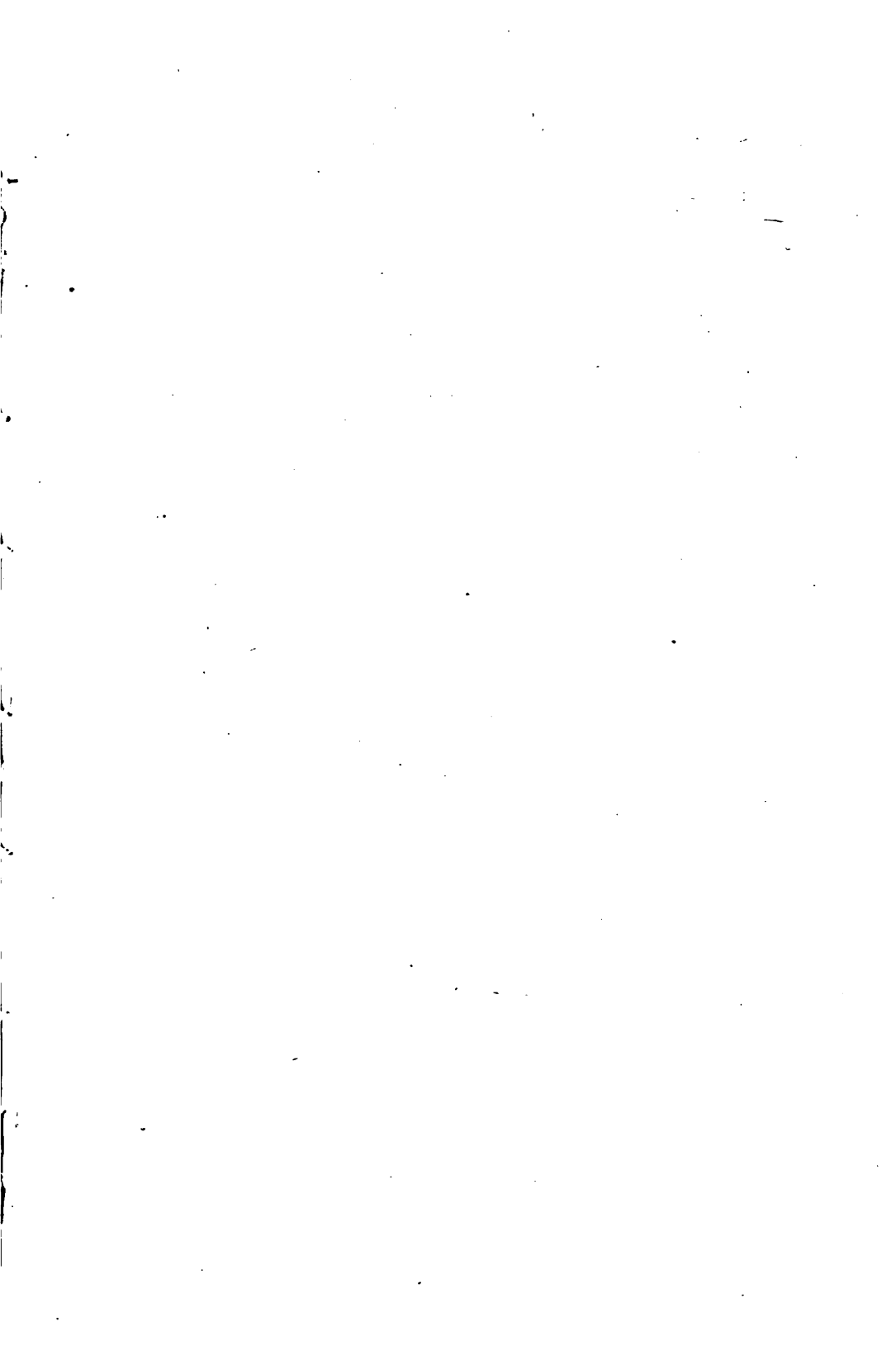
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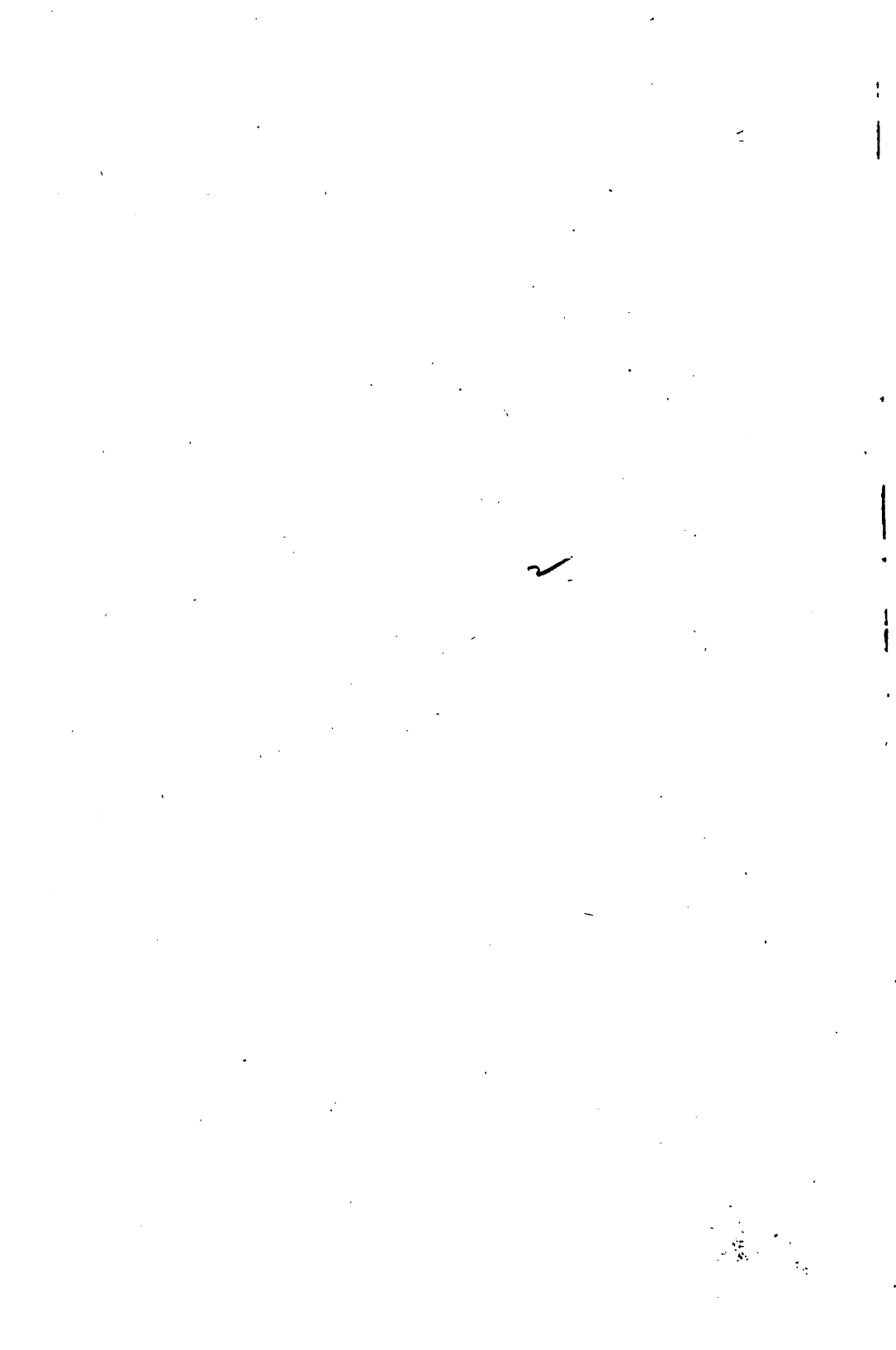
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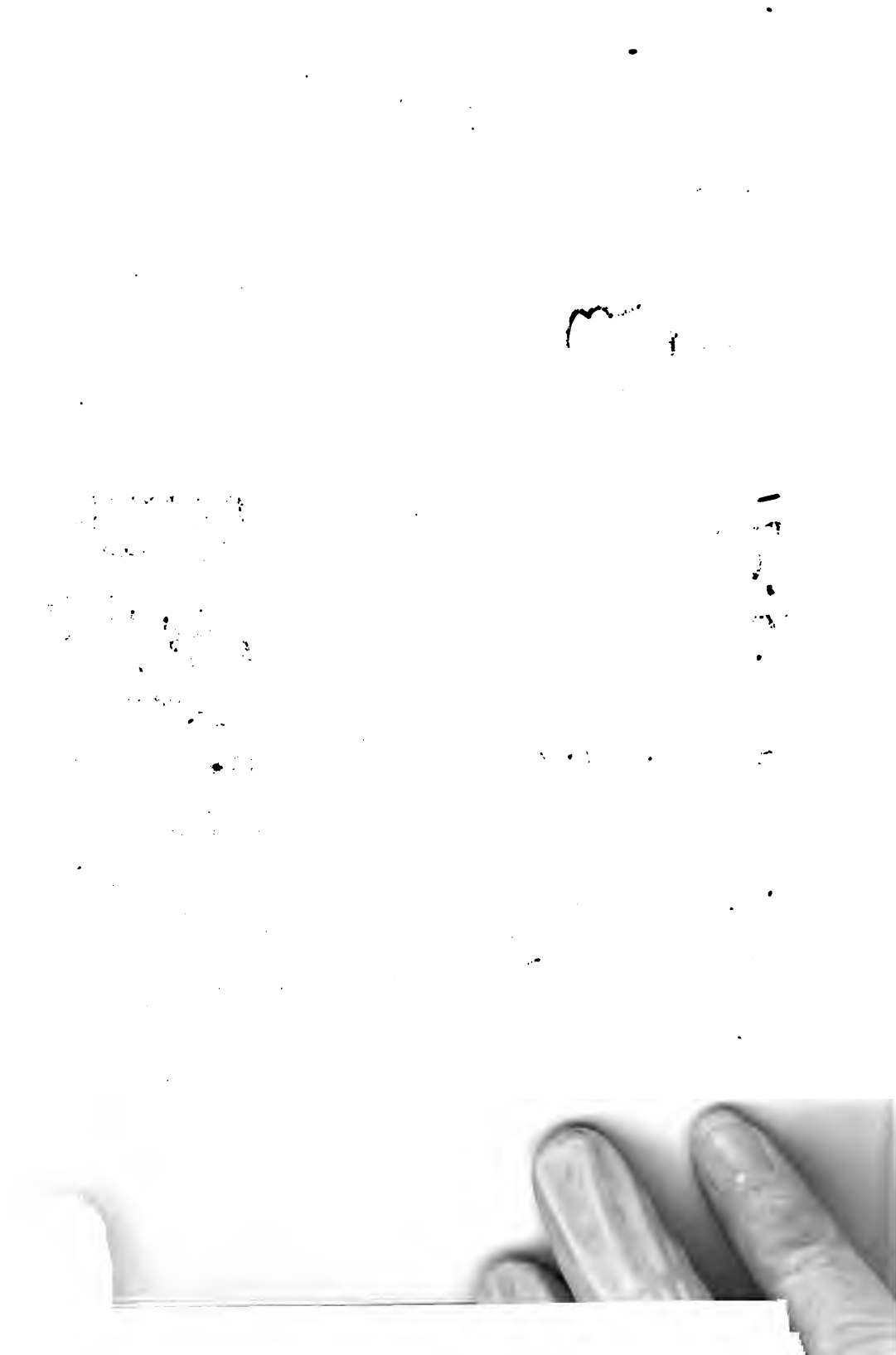
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